

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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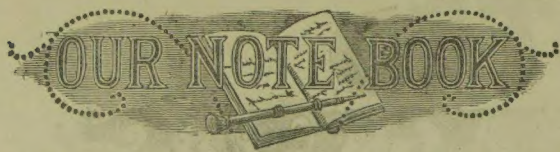
No. 2384.—VOL. LXXXV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1884.

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6^d.



"THE CANDIDATE," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.



The difficulty experienced by Londoners in the matter of markets is something extraordinary. All efforts to establish any other than Billingsgate for fish have signally failed, and, considering the population, Covent Garden, Spitalfields, and the Borough Markets are very insufficient for the supply of vegetables. Only those who really know how large an area the East-End covers, and how far its dingy streets of small tenements run into Essex, realise the immense convenience to those districts of the Great Eastern Railway Company's market at Stratford. It is a centre of business to thousands of small dealers, who would find it a long journey to Spitalfields and have probably never seen Covent Garden in their lives. Yet the very existence of the Stratford Market seems to be threatened by the lessee of Spitalfields, who complains that his charter is infringed thereby, and demands either that it shall be closed, or that market-gardeners in its vicinity shall be forbidden to supply it. This sounds arbitrary; but surely the railway could bring up any quantity of vegetables from the eastern counties, and to that the Spitalfields autocrat has no objection.

One of the best-informed and most practical fish-salesmen at Billingsgate has long endeavoured to persuade all whom it concerns that unless the meshes of fishing-nets are made larger the race of soles will be exterminated before very long. He complains that small, immature fish are taken and ruthlessly destroyed either by being suffocated at the bottom of the net and thrown away as refuse, or brought to market and sold cheap in the streets. He points out that this is penny wise and pound foolish policy, and says that it applies to many kinds of fish less popular than soles, but equally valuable as a source of food-supply to the poor.

The high rate of duty levied at the Custom Houses on the United States seaboard on articles of dress imported from Europe leads to all manner of clever attempts to evade it. One of the most recent was extremely ingenious, but it failed. The statute declares that the wardrobe of an actress is part of "the tools of her trade," and allows it to pass duty free. On board an ocean steamer from Havre, a few weeks ago, a young lady, whose appearance and manners were of the stage stagey, took her passage under the name of Mdlle. C—, and talked freely during the voyage about her past and her hoped-for successes. Her trunks were many and large; and, when she reached New York, she vouchsafed a good deal of information respecting their contents to the Custom-House inspector. A rich blue silk, trimmed with Carrickmacross lace, was for her to wear as Lady Teazle; and an orange satin, adorned with black Spanish lace, was for Frou-Frou. A lovely bridal toilette was for some other play; but unfortunately the inspector was familiar with the names and photographs of all well-known actresses, and soon detected Mdlle. C— as the emissary of a New York Felix or Pingat. It must have been very hard to fail ignominiously when so near the end of her mission!

Unwonted activity reigns at the Louvre, where the authorities are busy arranging the superb collections given to the national museum by Baron Davilliers, and are also placing in glass cases many recent gifts and purchases, among which are several beautiful statuettes by Zanagra, and some relics from Kymé, Smyrna, and Capua; a magnificent Etruscan vase, and an old marble torso, presented by M. De Murat.

A great many of the internal troubles of the Austrian Empire arise from the variety of small, but irreconcilable, nationalities incorporated with it. In Hungary, for instance, the Tehek element exists in the proportion of thirty Teheks to every hundred thousand Austro-Germans, and hitherto all officials have been compelled to learn the language of the minority. Tehek children have grown up speaking both tongues, and have found this dual knowledge extremely useful; but a few hot-headed patriots are now making it a great grievance that the rising generation should acquire any but the ancestral speech. Their attitude is just as ridiculous as would be that of Frenchmen who should forbid their sons and daughters to learn German.

Miss Laura Clancey, a young American actress, who was a valued member of the company with which Miss Mary Anderson played before she came to England, died of consumption in Baltimore a few weeks ago, and her body was conveyed to Lancaster for cremation. It was reduced to ashes in less than two hours, and these were divided into two portions, one of which was placed in her mother's, and the other in her sister's grave.

The women of Iowa, taking an enlightened interest in the New Orleans Exhibition, sent a large quantity of paintings, embroideries, and other specimens of their handiwork, which filled no less than eight railway trucks. Unhappily, the train to which these were attached caught fire, and the whole collection was either totally destroyed or irretrievably damaged, and consequently the women of Iowa are unrepresented.

The game of billiards has attained such popularity that questions are constantly arising as to the origin of the long scores which are now made. Here is a history of the whole matter in a nutshell. The secret of long scores consists, besides the improvement made in tables, cushions, cues with leathern tips, and "chalking," in the discovery of the "side-stroke" (ascribed to a billiard-table keeper named Bartley "early in this century") and of the "spot-stroke," which, having been practised successfully by a billiard-table keeper named May, was, about 1825, executed twenty-two times in succession by the aforesaid Bartley's marker, named Carr. Then Kentfield, of Brighton, commonly called "Jonathan," made fifty-

seven "spot-strokes"; afterwards, between 1845 and 1849, John Roberts, senior, of Liverpool, having diligently practised the "spot-stroke" for six months, made a score of 346, including 104 "spots." The "spot-stroke" was thenceforward established; scores increased and multiplied until, in 1873, W. Cook, having beaten Roberts, sen., and become "champion" in 1870, made in an "exhibition match" a break of 936, which remained the best on record until, in 1880, W. Mitchell, also in an "exhibition match," made 1839. This remained the "best on record" until W. J. Peall, at Cambridge last May, also in an "exhibition match" (and subsequently H. Evans at Melbourne, Australia, it is said, "at practice"), made the enormous break of 1989: continuing, however, when the match was over. Quite lately, John Roberts, junior, who is said never to have made more than 1154, "spot" included, has with breaks of 322 and more, up to 360, beaten W. Cook's 309 (made at Manchester in 1881), which had hitherto been the best "all round" break, the "spot-stroke" being barred. Such is the progress which has been made in "scoring" at billiards since "side" and "spot" became known to players; and perhaps the "improved" construction of the ordinary tables, especially of the cushions at the corners of the pockets, has more to do with it than is generally supposed. Let this be said without prejudice, without any idea of detracting from the marvellous performances of the players.

Among the many farces of our daily life there is none more flagrant, though there are many more amusing, than the practice of the Railway Companies who take your money beforehand on pretence of conveying you from one place to another within a given space of time, and are held by themselves and by the judges (some of them, at any rate) to be exonerated from the implied contract by having printed at the back of the ticket they give you some saving clause which you cannot read without a magnifying glass, which, in point of fact, nobody ever does read or is expected to read, and which it is perfectly useless to read when you have paid your fare, and, moreover, have no other practicable means of conveyance but the aforesaid railway companies' trains. Practically, the railway companies have a monopoly of the passenger-carrying of the whole country; you must go by their lines or not at all; and if they insist upon being paid beforehand, they should be made to give you what you have paid for, if it be morally and physically possible, though they should have to run a special train on account of a single passenger: or—they should be mulcted in a heavy penalty.

There is nothing like modesty and reasonableness when you are requested to state your wishes; and it is, therefore, satisfactory to read that "the principal wish" of the Porte is "that the British troops should leave Egypt within eight months." This would, indeed, be a speedy exodus, if anything is to be done at Khartoum. It is not the Turkish fashion to be in such a hurry: the "principal wish" must be Turkish for a "goak."

Apropos of Egypt, it is reported that a French clique in Cairo keep up a correspondence with the Mahdi, convey to him information about our movements, suggest means whereby our plans may be defeated, and so on. If there be any truth in the report, it only shows that even Frenchmen can be blind to their own interests; the success of the Mahdi would be as the letting out of water for all Europeans, and the French would suffer as much as anybody, save the English perhaps, from the inundation. "Nous sommes trahis!" was the constant cry of the French whenever they met with a reverse in the Franco-German War; and, if the report mentioned above be true, we shall be able to borrow their cry with more reason, should any damage be inflicted upon us by the Mahdi.

After you have procured a copy of "Cavendish on Whist," and laboriously studied all the mysteries of the "call," and the "echo," it is a little disheartening to be told that "they don't play that game in France; if you played it, they would say that you didn't play like a gentleman." How that may be is best known to players who have played in France. There is no denying, however, that there is a "professional" look about the play with "call" and "echo," and that players who are conversant with the system have a great advantage over players who are not. When we know, moreover, from the revelations of "double dummy," that the wildest deviations from the "cut and dried" rules of whist are the only way sometimes to win a game, it seems as if more sport were likely to be obtained from playing haphazard. On the other hand, as it is open to everybody to learn the conventional method, whereby adversaries are as well informed as partners of what is to be expected, it is difficult to see where the unfairness lies. It might as well be said that it is unfair to practise the "spot" stroke at billiards and use it against a mere "all round" player. To do so would among amateurs have a professional, marker-like appearance, no doubt; but there would not be any unfairness, or anything unworthy of a gentleman, about it; inasmuch as it is equally open to everybody to practise the "spot," and there is no secret about the stroke, though one man takes more kindly than another to it.

The late Mr. Fawcett did a very judicious thing when he appealed to the public not to show their kindly feelings towards postmen at Christmas by rendering the said postmen "drunk and incapable" and liable to lose their employment. It is wonderful how many people will give a fellow-creature "a liquor" without hesitation, but not "the price of it" on any account. There is a story about an ex-prize-fighter, in reduced circumstances, who met a former patron, and being asked to "have a liquor," replied: "Would you mind giving me the price of it? I've met six gentlemen to-day, and they all offered me a liquor, and I can assure you, Sir, I haven't broken my fast all day as yet. I'd much sooner get something to eat." But ex-prize-fighters, if not postmen, certainly belong to the class of men of whom it is popularly believed that drink is their one thing needful; and the popular belief is said to be not altogether without foundation.

One of the most distinguished creatures at the present time in the United States is undoubtedly Maud S., the celebrated "trotter," who has lately "beaten her own record" by trotting a mile in 2 min. 9½ sec., according to some American watches. When it comes to quarters of a second, however, "clocking" is very nervous and touchy work. Nevertheless, to have trotted a mile in anything under 2 min. 10 sec. is a wonderful feat, which makes it worth while to inquire by what degrees "trotting" (which the Americans got from us, as they also got "running" and "pacing") arrived at its present high standard, or rather trotter. In the beginning of "records" it was thought good to trot a mile in 2 min. 40 sec., as well it might be; then nothing would do over 2 min. 30 sec.; and so the time was worked down, by quarters of a second, to the 2 min. 19½ sec. of Flora Temple, the 2 min. 17½ sec. of Dexter, the 2 min. 16½ sec. of American Girl, the 2 min. 14 sec. of Goldsmith Maid, in 1874, soon to be eclipsed altogether, ten years later, by Maud S., who trotted the mile (according to American "clocking") in 2 min. 10½ sec. at Chicago in 1880, in 2 min. 10½ sec. at Pittsburg in 1881, in 2 min. 9½ sec. in August last (beating Eye-See's 2 min. 10 sec. at Providence), and ultimately in 2 min. 9½ sec. last November. If she goes on, she will do a mile literally, as she does now figuratively, in "no time at all"; for American trotters, like Goldsmith Maid (who "retired" at the age of twenty-one, as Lady Suffolk also did), are not removed early from the turf, but go on, like the brook, for ever. Only Maud S., perhaps, can scarcely be said to have ever been regularly "on the turf."

The flying rumours gathered as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too.

sang the poet Prior in "The Temple of Fame." Never was the truth of his lines more apparent than when, one day last week, a report was current that a serious accident had happened to the Prince of Wales. Carriages brought callers by the hundred to Marlborough House, policemen went there, and details were discussed, sympathy expressed, and even particulars of the mishap were freely commented upon. Happily, there was not the slightest foundation for the rumour. On tracing the report to its source, a discovery was made that a carriage belonging to the Earl of Dudley had met with a slight disaster, and that his Royal Highness was staying with his Lordship at Witley Court when it occurred. This is the only explanation that can be given of the alarming report, but it would be curious, although of course impossible, to trace the history of the lie from its birth until it came of age.

A protest made by no less keen a sportsman than the Earl of Bradford is likely to be indorsed by lovers of natural history and the most conservative of game preservers generally. It has been customary for keepers to have permission, if not orders, from their masters to destroy vermin; and these keepers appear to have decided in their own minds which birds and quadrupeds shall come within this category. The result is that weasels, hedgehogs, owls, magpies, jays, herons, and kestrels are indiscriminately slaughtered, and that, although these are certainly injurious to the propagation and preservation of some species, they themselves have their uses, and cannot be altogether dispensed with. For instance, weasels are notoriously as inimical to rats as rats are to crops; while hedgehogs flourish on beetles and other insects that ruin farmers. Jays, too, delighting as they do in pheasants' eggs, are equally partial to those of the wood-pigeon, who is himself a greater nuisance than a jay. An owl will account for hundreds of mice in the course of the season; and a heron is no epicure, eating as many newts, frogs, and toads as he will good fish. The law of natural enmity is, therefore, equalising; and it is to be hoped, in the interest of landowners, that Lord Bradford's suggestions will be adopted, and the wholesale destruction moderated.

An American Professor of Chemistry has invented a new bomb, which he believes will supersede all other missiles of war. It is filled with poisonous gases so virulent in their effect that, to use his own words, "when the bomb explodes, the air within a radius of a hundred feet becomes charged with silent death." A nice humane idea surely, and one that does infinite credit to the inventor's imagination and kindly nature. Just as if shot, shell, and cold steel were not sufficiently horrible in their effect, we are now to retard civilisation and poison or suffocate antagonistic armies. Our American friend must not, however, flatter himself that he is strictly original, for so long ago as the date of the building of the great wall of China the Celestials used to attack their enemies with a weapon similar in delicacy of conception. The basin filled with foul-smelling fetid drugs, and known by the uneloquent title of stink-pot, was charming and graceful artillery compared to the new air-bomb. But it may save the Professor trouble and anxiety to know at once that he is not likely to revolutionise modern warfare with his tasteful novelty.

Pantomime dates from B.C. 22. The entertainment, then only a representation by gesture and attitude, was introduced on to the Roman stage by Pylades and Bathyllus. In those days there was no Mr. Blanchard to write pretty lyrics, and no Mr. Augustus Harris to employ eight hundred people to wear gorgeous costumes and sing comic songs. Masks, also, were unknown in England until someone brought them from Italy about two hundred years ago. It was Mr. Rich who, in 1717, first produced a pantomime in London. "It is curious," says a historian, "that for forty years he was to hold possession of the town, and cause successive generations of managers the most serious inconvenience, owing to this superior attraction." If it be true, as reported, that a thousand pounds a day be taken for the first few weeks of pantomime at Drury-Lane, then the manager of this playhouse will also doubtless cause his rivals some "inconvenience"; for, after all, there can be but a limited theatre-going public.

PANTOMIME TIME.

The children are the best Conservatives after all. They never yield in their faith concerning pantomimes and plum-pudding. Reform may agitate the political mind: re-distribution bills may pass: the House of Lords may be threatened and society be disturbed to its very core and centre: but on Boxing Night, if all be well, the same scene will be enacted within the walls of "Old Drury" that has been described scores of times, and that somehow never becomes stale or old fashioned. The young gentleman in the shirt-sleeves will be found in the gallery directing a trained band of comic singers: Mr. Oscar Barrett, politest of musical directors, will turn round in the orchestra, facing his friends the gods, and urging them to still grander efforts in unison: the audience, upstanding, will forget political strife in the welcome strains of "God Save the Queen," and after a short interval of din and discord will settle down with a will to enjoy the delights of the latest, and of course the best, of the "annuals" ever produced at Drury Lane. Once again—may his delightful shadow never grow less—the veteran E. L. Blanchard, beloved of the children, the Charles Lamb of our modern Christmas season, will tell the story, or rather retell one of the most famous and popular of nursery legends. No pantomime plot ought to be more appreciated by the youngsters living within the sound of Bow Bells than that of "Whittington and his Cat." Only last Lord Mayor's Day, when, from the windows of the Strand, the children saw their beloved hero sitting on his Highgate stile, with Puss at his feet and countless white sheep grazing on the meadows, what a shout went up from thousands of young throats at the welcome spectacle! Very much the same amount of popularity is in store for Miss Fannie Leslie, sweetest of singers and neatest of dancers, who has been engaged for Whittington, and for Mr. Charles Lauri, who for months past has been studying the ways and eccentricities of the "harmless necessary cat." A shudder went round the house when on a recent occasion a mischievous monkey climbed up into the dress-circle and ran round the house, but this year, if the experiment is repeated, there will be cries of "Puss! puss!" all over the place, and all the children will be wanting to scratch their playfellow behind the ear! According to the prospectus before us, and rumour with a thousand tongues, Mr. E. L. Blanchard has turned the old story into an exciting drama. His fancy and his humour have induced him to blend with "Whittington" the story of Hogarth's "Industrious and Idle Apprentice," and we shall probably find poor Dick going off with his cat to visit the King of the Cannibal Islands, not because he was bullied by a termagant old cook, but because he was accused of larceny by a jealous and idle rival. True love, however, is allowed to prosper, and Miss Kate Munroe has been selected as the model of grace and constancy in the character of the charming Alice Fitzwarren. The Mrs. Fitzwarren of Miss M. A. Victor will no doubt be a comic treat of the first order. Mr. Harry Nicholls will have a chance for the expression of tragic melancholy as Tom, the Idle Apprentice. Mr. Herbert Campbell is to enact the shrewish cook; and the favourite Mario sisters—Minnie and Dot—will head a company of pretty girls and clever vocalists. The great scene on which Mr. Augustus Harris, assisted by his clever brother, Charles, have expended all their energies is to be the representation of a Lord Mayor's Show in the days of Whittington; but from all that has already been whispered about it the spectacle will transcend every procession or pageant ever produced at Drury Lane, and will be worthy of the liberal days of a Lord Mayor Nottage. The transformation-scene, painted by Mr. H. Emden, is to be called "The Four Elements," a scene with a purpose, and it is good news to hear that Mr. Beverly will be found side by side with Grieve, Hart, Spong, Ryan, and Emden. The cunning hand of Mr. Alfred Thompson will be found in the dazzling costumes; Pertoldi and Zanfrette will be the stars of the incidental ballets; Katti Lanner's children are to appear once more; and last, but certainly not least in the high estimation of the children, Mr. Harry Payne will direct the harlequinade, as almost the last of a long list of English Christmas clowns.

At Covent Garden, the energetic Mr. William Holland promises us a startling novelty. The famous opera-house is to be turned into a circus of a refined kind, without the familiar smell of sawdust! Shades of Astley and Ducrow, what are we coming to when the trained horses, the bare-backed riders, the Ringmaster with his haughty and aristocratic air, the clowns and the jugglers, are to career before us on a wonderful mat, weighing who shall say how many tons! When they turned Astley's into a melodramatic house the late Mr. Robertson pathetically observed "You may change, you may alter the place as you will, but the smell of the sawdust will cling to it still." There are some old-fashioned people who maintain that a circus is nothing without the scent of sawdust or tan: at any rate, Mr. Holland proposes a compromise in the shape of a costly door-mat. London is no longer to be behind Paris in the matter of circuses. The ring is once more to be revived; and if all the reports of the beauty of Oceana be true, our "gilded youth" will turn his attention to the star of the circus and leave the ballet disconsolate. It would take far more space than I have to spare to describe the novelties that Mr. Holland promises on Boxing Day. Elephants, eccentrics, jugglers, acrobats; the best riders, male and female, that can be found in the two hemispheres; singing clowns and performing monkeys; a somersault rider, who rejoices in the name of Hernandez, and an American diversity, who bears the strange circus name of "Forepaugh," so suggestive of a trained horse, will all be pressed into the service; and a children's pantomime, on the capital subject of St. George and the Dragon, is promised as well.

Apart from the two great West-End houses, there are other outlying pantomimes that invariably attract attention. In the old days we should have had Planché at the Lyceum and Flexmore at the Princess's; but Shakspeare stops the way, and poetry is preferred to pantomime. But Mr. George Conquest, the first pantomimist of his time, will direct the story of "Aladdin" at the Surrey. Mr. Douglas, whose scenic displays run Old Drury pretty close, will mount "Cinderella" on a superb scale at the Standard; and good reports also arrive from Sanger's, the Grand at Islington, from the Pavilion in Whitechapel, and from that best-conducted of houses, the Britannia at Hoxton, where Mrs. Lane is a queen in her own happy and contented empire. A pleasant fashion has sprung up in late years of visiting all the pantomime parties, taking in succession—in fact, of making up pantomime parties, taking dinner by the way at some famous hostelry. It is a capital plan, for often in the east is found more real humour than can peep out of the skirts of all the magnificence and splendour at the west. The children, at any rate, need not be disappointed, for ample preparations have been made to enable them to spend their Christmas holidays merrily at the play. C. S.

"THE CANDIDATE."

All who saw "The Candidate" on the first night of its production at the Criterion Theatre had no hesitation in predicting for the play a success that would eventually astonish the mercenary and lucky Mr. Charles Wyndham. It was one of those strange slices of good chance that occasionally fall to the share of a far-sighted and enterprising manager. The company were rehearsing, in point of fact, another play which had made a considerable success in Paris, when the "happy thought" struck Mr. Wyndham of adapting the last Parisian political play to the requirements of our own excitable Parliamentary times. "Le Député de Bombignac" was surely the very thing: a good farce that could be easily manipulated. And manipulated it accordingly was. The manager and his confidential assistants had a hand in it; a member of Parliament was called in to pepper it over with political jokes; for six allusions that would please the Conservatives half a dozen more were added to tickle the Radicals; it was written, read, rehearsed, and produced in less than a fortnight, at the lightning speed that is characteristic of the Criterion management. The curtain had scarcely been up five minutes before all who were present felt that something out of the common order of things was in the air. It was as daring as the "Happy Land," and as apropos as "The Colonel." The Lord Chamberlain had been satisfied; the public took the "skit" good-naturedly; even the placid Mr. Henry Labouchere, sitting in the stalls, professed not to see the point of the allusions to "Henry and Bradley," Radical members for Easthampton; and all London was invited to a "good bit of fun," with "not too much personality but just personality enough" for a modern theatrical audience. It is the mission in Mr. Charles Wyndham's theatrical life to represent a wayward and volatile husband writhing under the tyranny of some form of petticoat government that deprives him of his personal liberty. An over-affectionate wife, a dragon of a mother-in-law, or a Methodistical or philanthropic Stiggins may thus bar the way to Mr. Wyndham's anticipated pleasure. But he invariably breaks away, gets into a scrape, and out of it again. The difficulty is, how to get away when the fever for freedom is on him. In this instance, Mr. Wyndham is a Tory squire and baronet, who hears of a vacancy in a Radical constituency, and is determined to stand for it in the Conservative interest. Canvassing would be a bore to him, so he craftily dispatches his confidential secretary to personate him at the election. A veritable snake in the grass is the private secretary. He eats the bread of Conservatism, but is a Radical at heart. He poses to show himself in his true colours, and has actually the audacity to personate his master before the Radicals of Easthampton as a man of their own kidney. The flushed and joyous Wyndham returns home, after his adventurous visit to London, to find that he, the blue-blooded and aristocratic Tory, has been returned as a red-hot Radical for a shoe-making constituency. Worse than all, he has to explain the fatal truth to the Conservative mother-in-law and the whole Constitutional family. Here lies the fun of the farce, and better acting of its kind is not seen than when the traitorous private secretary, ably personated by Mr. George Giddens, explains to his master the true state of the case. The fun throughout is fast and furious, and no more popular play is now being performed in London, for, apart from the brightness of the satire, the comedy-acting of the whole company is of far more than average merit. Our Sketch contains likenesses of Mr. Charles Wyndham, the erratic baronet; of Mr. George Giddens, the Machiavellian secretary; of Mr. Blakeley, the oily philanthropist; of Miss Fanny Coleman, the austere mother-in-law; and of Miss Rose Saker, Miss Kate Rorke, Mr. Maltby, and Mr. Gregory in characters that materially add to the interest and liveliness of the play.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden and his colleagues of the British Commission for surveying the boundary line between Afghanistan and the newly acquired Turkoman dominions of the Russian Empire, have arrived at Bala Murghab on the northern frontier of the Afghan State, about a hundred miles to the north-east of Herat. They will, before commencing operations, await the arrival of the Russian Commissioner, who was last week at Tiflis, and is not expected to join the British Commissioner before the middle of February. Our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, has sent us many Sketches, a few of which have already been engraved and published in this Journal, representing the incidents of the journey of Sir Peter Lumsden's party from Teheran, along the great eastward road of Central Asia, through the northern parts of Persia and Khorassan, taking the route of Lasgird, Shahrood, Miandashat, Sabzewar, and Nishapore, to Meshed, a famous sacred city of the Mohammedans, and thence to Sarakhs, on the Afghan frontier. This road, with the towns and places along it, has great historical interest and political importance; and the Sketches and descriptive notes of Mr. Simpson, whose zeal for the study of Oriental antiquities is as remarkable as his wide and correct observation of present conditions in different parts of Asia, will be acceptable to many of our readers. Literary associations may be aroused by the name of Omar Khayyum, the celebrated philosophical poet of Persia, whose tomb at Nishapore has been duly visited by Mr. Simpson, and an excellent translation of whose writings, by Mr. Fitzgerald, was published some years ago by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly. It may also be observed that Mr. Robert Browning's new volume of poems, "Fertilest of Fancies," has its scenes partly laid at Sabzewar and other places on the same road. Our Artist has freely acknowledged the hospitable civilities with which the travelling party of official Englishmen has been greeted everywhere in the dominions of the Shah of Persia; and the following biographical notices of three official personages in Khorassan, whose Portraits he has drawn, may be considered worthy of perusal:—

"His Excellency Abdul Wahab Khan, Aseph-ed-Dowleh, Governor-General of Khorassan, has been most attentive to the Afghan Boundary Commission. On its arrival at Meshed, the capital of Khorassan, he had pitched a set of splendid tents, in a garden, and sent his own cook to prepare a breakfast for us. A large band of music was in attendance, and played European and Persian music. Abdul Wahab Khan belongs to Shiraz, in Persia, where his family held a good position in connection with the Government. He came to Teheran, and began his career in the Foreign Office, and was sent in connection with it to Tabriz, where he first distinguished himself. After that, he was made Governor of Resht, then received the title of Nusseer-ed-Dowleh. He became Minister of Commerce, or Wuzzeer-i-Tudjar, the last word meaning Merchants. All the Custom dues were under his management at that time. He was also made a member of the Shah's Council, and has lately become the Governor-General of Khorassan, his rule now extending to the frontiers of Russia and Afghanistan; from this he naturally takes a great interest in the frontier question. Abdul Wahab Khan is a good Arabic scholar, and a man of great natural ability. He may be called a self-made man, for he has risen to his present position by his own talents and

energy. He has advanced ideas, and is anxious to introduce every improvement into the department he governs. At my request, he took my pencil and signed his name on the Portrait; a translation is here given: "Abdul Wahab, Aseph-ed-Dowleh, in the Holy City of Meshed, Saturday the 12th Moharram, 1302 of the Hegira."

"Abbas Khan is a Serteep, which means full Colonel. This man rose from very small beginnings; Gholam Bucha, his former designation, means something like message-boy, and that was his employment in his youth. He looks a mild, gentle creature, but his start in life was of a doubtful character. He committed what a jury in England would most probably call by the ugly name of 'Wilful Murder.' The consequences here were not exactly what they might have been in other countries. It took place in 1851. The Shahzadah, Mohammed Yusuf, wished to get rid of Yar Mohammed Khan, the ruler of Herat; and Abbas Khan, the subject of this Portrait, stabbed him with a dagger. The blow was fatal; this led to Abbas Khan's promotion, and his last appointment was that of Governor of Sarakhs, which office he held six or seven years, but he was lately removed, the cause being, as reported in some quarters, that he allowed the Russians to enter Old Sarakhs. He now lives at Meshed, and was very kind at my visit, recommending some Herat grapes and other delicacies which were on the table.

"Haji Mohammed Baghir Khan is Governor of Tabbas, which is situated to the south of Meshed, and near to Herat. This gentleman was on a visit to the Governor-General of Khorassan; and, being in Meshed, came out to meet Sir Peter Lumsden on his arrival. He is of Arab origin; the family have been long in Tabbas, and are very wealthy, so that he, being a chief in that part, was raised to the dignity of Governor."

We present also the Portrait of Mohammed Hassan Khan, a Naib or Government official of Shahrud, which is a town of some importance, being a connecting link of traffic between Central Asia, from Herat and Meshed, and the Caspian Sea and Russia, through Asterabad. Mohammed Hassan is a good specimen of the upper-class Persian; he wears a coat of European cut, but of a light blue colour. Our Artist has sketched one of the Persian light-cavalry soldiers of the escort which attended Sir Peter Lumsden and his party in the first part of their long journey; the other military figure on horseback is Captain Korban Ali Beg, of the Merv-Meshed Irregular Cavalry, who succeeded to the escort duty. Korban Ali Beg is of Merv parentage, but was born at Meshed; his Portrait is drawn separately, as a type of his race.

A Persian sportsman shooting partridges is figured in one of these Sketches. This, we are told, is a common practice of the people of the country. The sportsman has a piece of dirty white cotton arranged on a couple of sticks, which he holds before him as a screen; there is a small hole in the cloth to look through, and on the outer side there are patches of red and green. The man uses a chirp something like the sound made by the birds, and thus he manages get close to up to his game. The screen is called in Persian "Dafak"; and this word is now used to express any act where a trick, or piece of deceit, has been resorted to. The word becoming idiomatic in this way shows that the custom of the sportsman is not rare, or it would not have been likely to supply a phrase to the language.

The very curious village-fortress or "town of refuge" at Lasgird, rather more than a hundred miles east of Teheran, was described by Mr. Simpson in the *Illustrated London News* of Dec. 6, which contained his Sketches of the outside, from a near point of view, and of the single gateway and the ponderous stone door by which it used to be closed. The peasantry of the neighbouring district were accustomed, in former days, when armed bands of Turkoman robbers and kidnappers occasionally made cruel raids on the eastern frontier of Persia, to shut themselves up, with their wives and children, their cattle, and their stores of household property and of grain, in this singular hive, which is constructed of massive mud walls, with vaulted cellars roofed with sun-dried bricks, for their cattle, horses, and stores, and with dwellings for the people on the two upper storeys, reached by rude steps or ladders, and communicating by platforms or balconies made of the trunks of trees. Since the Russian conquest of the Turkoman tribes, all fear of their incursions has ceased in Persia; but the aspect of Lasgird is a remarkable testimony to the state of the country not many years ago.

Some further Illustrations will be given next week.

Approval has been given at Manchester, by the shareholders of the Bridgewater Navigation Company, to a scheme for the improvement of the navigation of the Irwell and Mersey, at a cost of £324,000.

The annual dinner of the subscribers to the Commercial Travellers' Schools for Orphans was held at the Freemasons' Tavern last week—Mr. T. Wallis occupying the chair. Subscriptions were announced amounting to £2676.

The whole of the private bills intended to be proceeded with in the ensuing Session were deposited in the Private Bill Office, House of Lords, last week. Compared with last year, when 295 bills were deposited, there is a decrease of 47.

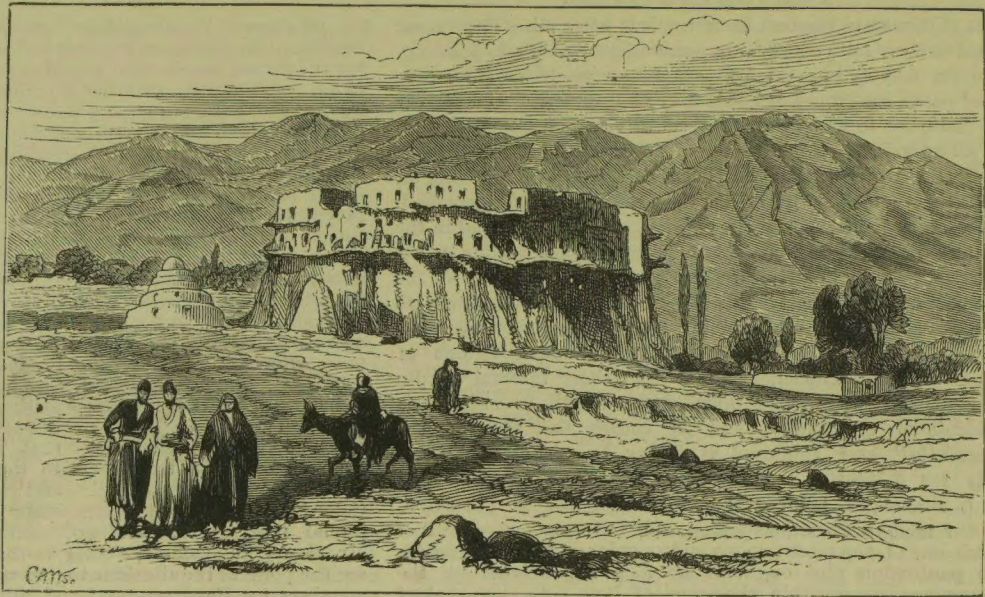
Some valuable articles of personal ornament were sold in the third and last day's sale of Mr. Streeter's jewels at Messrs. Foster's, bringing considerable prices:—A turquoise and brilliant bracelet, £450 8s.; a diamond collet necklace, 54 graduated stones, £1735; an opal and diamond suite, £861; a fine emerald and diamond necklace, 20 clusters, £820; a bracelet, with matchless emerald (50 carats) and 84 brilliants in rows, £525; a pearl necklace of 51 fine Oriental pearls, with diamond snap, £3200. The total sale amounted to £16,928.

With a view to giving further protection to the inventions of exhibitors, a new certificate has been granted by the Board of Trade, to the effect that "the International Inventions March 1, 1885, is an International Exhibition"; and by this means all the protection accorded from May 1 to inventions Exhibition, proposed to be held at South Kensington from under the original certificate (dated Aug. 15) will be secured in addition from March 1 till May 1, that is, during the time in which the exhibits will be received and arranged.

The Committee of the Royal Humane Society has concluded the investigation of a number of cases of saving life; and, for special gallantry, have awarded silver medals to W. Whyte and P. King, of Kilcoole, county Wicklow, who rescued two men who, overcome by foul gases, lay insensible at the bottom of a pit. A silver medal has also been awarded to Sergeant P. Betts, 5th Battalion Royal Irish Regiment, who saved the life of a man at Kilkenny under circumstances similar to the above. A like award was bestowed upon a fisherman named Grainger for a gallant act performed in Ramsgate Harbour on the 10th ult., where he saved the life of a lad who fell into the water, which was rushing fiercely from the inner to the outer harbour.—At Chester last Saturday the Duke of Westminster publicly presented the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal to Mr. Alexander Dodd, of Chester, for saving the life of a young lady on the North Wales coast under circumstances of great personal bravery.



CAPTAIN OF MERV-MESHED IRREGULAR CAVALRY,
ESCORT TO THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER.



LASGIRD, A CITY OF REFUGE ON THE PERSIAN FRONTIER.



HADJI MOHAMMED BAGHIR KHAN, GOVERNOR
OF TABBAS.



PERSIAN SPORTSMAN SHOOTING PARTRIDGES.



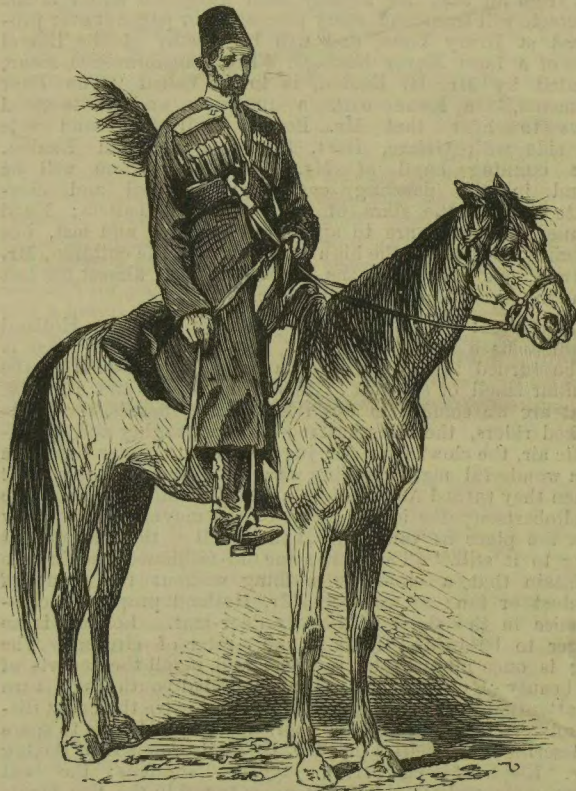
ABDUL WAHAB, ASEPH-ED-DOWLAH, GOVERNOR-GENERAL
OF KHORASSAN.



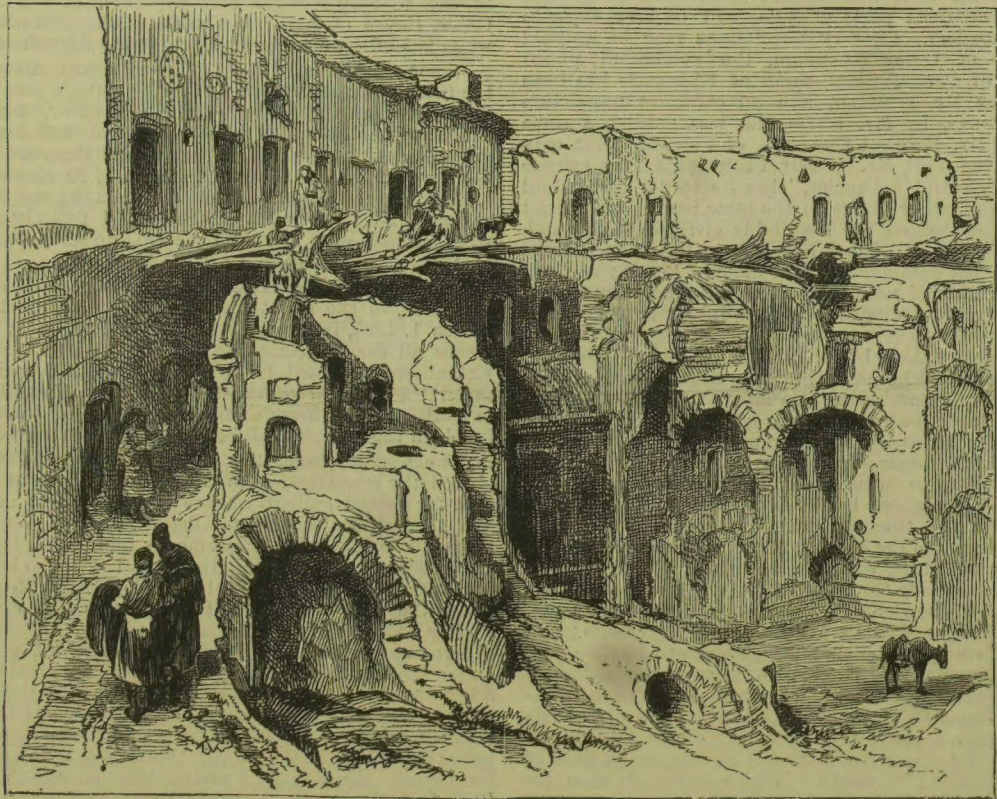
SERTEEP (COLONEL) ABBAS KHAN, LATE
GOVERNOR OF SARAKHS.



MOHAMMED HASSAN KHAN, NAIB OF SHAHRUD.



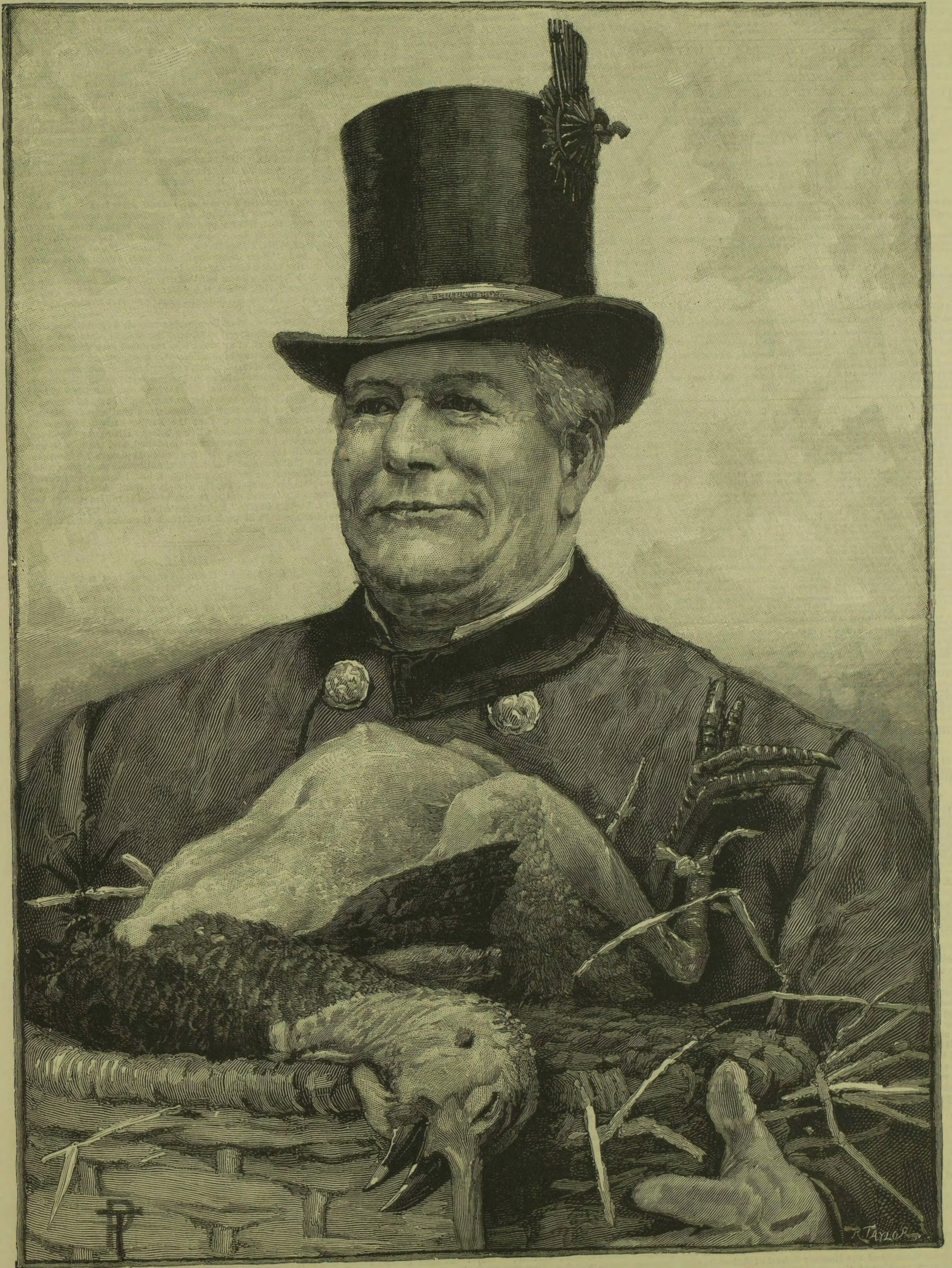
PERSIAN CAVALRY SOLDIER OF THE ESCORT.



INTERIOR OF LASGIRD.



KORBAN ALI BEG (OF MERV AND MESHED).



THE CHRISTMAS HAMPER. DRAWN BY PERCY TARRANT.

DEATH.

On the 19th inst., at 18, Granville-place, Portman-square, Edith Mary Codrington, wife of Matthew Clark, Esq., and eldest daughter of the late Richard Davies, Esq., of the "Vigia," Madeira, aged 37.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 85, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall-Mall East, from Ten till Five. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d. ALFRED D. FRIPP, R.W.S., Secretary.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).

In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Padeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.

The services of the following distinguished Artists have been already retained:—
Messieurs Kreuss, Devriès, Salla, Donadio, Frank-Duverney, Belloni, Simmonet, Messieurs Vergnet, Capoul, Borkstein, Couturier, Villaret, &c.
In addition to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:

VIOLINISTS: Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Prize, 1883.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPIST: Mons. Hasselmans.

These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March. The Classical Concerts every Thursday.

TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.

The opening of the Tir aux Pigeons of Monaco will take place Dec. 16. The following is the Programme:—
Saturday, Dec. 27: Prix de Noël.
Tuesday, Dec. 30: Prix de Lorient.
Saturday, Jan. 3: Prix de Janvier.
Tuesday, Jan. 6: Prix de Jee.

The GRAND INTERNATIONAL CONCOURS will take place in the following order:—

Saturday, Jan. 10: Grande Poule d'Essai. A Purse of 2000f. added to a Poule of 100f. each.
Tuesday, Jan. 13: Prix d'Ouverture. A Purse of 3000f. added to 100f. entrance.
Friday, Jan. 16, and Saturday, Jan. 17: Grand Prix du Casino. An object of Art and 20,000f. added to 200f. entrance.
Monday, Jan. 19: Prix de Monte Carlo. Grand Free Handicap. A Purse of 5000f. added to 100f. entrance.
Thursday, Jan. 22: Prix de Consolation. An object of Art and 1000f.

Letters of entry to be addressed to M. BLOUIN, Secretary of the Tir à Monaco, not later than Five o'clock on the evening previous to the Tir.
The concours of the Second Series will be duly announced.

NEWS FROM NICE.—The weather is really splendid, the temperature ranging from 60 deg. to 65 deg. in the shade. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by illness or otherwise sought its influence.

There has been an absolute absence of rain for several months, but this has not interfered with the sanitary arrangements of the city, as its streets and roads are daily watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie, which is also used for flushing the drains, which are, in addition, cleansed or disinfected by purifying chemical compounds.

The streets, now brushed daily, were never so clean and tidy, which fact, perhaps, accounts for the total absence of epidemics; and the average mortality of the city is less than many fashionable towns in England.

Four resident English medical men are in practice here, and would, I am sure, be willing to communicate with any intending visitors desirous of satisfying their nervous fears as to the healthfulness of the town by addressing Doctors West, Sturge, or Wakefield, or Mr. Nicholls, the English qualified chemist here. In future there will be an authorised tribunal for this purpose, as a hygienic society of medical men, French, English, and others, is now in course of formation, so that untruthful scandals as to the sanitary condition of Nice may be avoided or exposed.

The Prolongation of the Promenade des Anglais is complete, and forms one of the finest drives in the Riviera. The police force has been reorganised, and its members are now entitled to a pension after faithful services, which fact will doubtless give them more moral force in the execution of their functions.

The Italian Theatre, a very handsome building, has been reconstructed and enlarged, and a grand ball of inauguration will be given in February.

The Casino Theatre is giving its entertainments; and the Théâtre des Français, of which Mr. Cordellazzo is the able Director, has an excellent Troupe de Comédie, as also some star artists for the Opéra Comique.

The Jetty Promenade, grace to an arrangement at last effected between the Fire Insurance Company and the Directors of the Pier, is, they say, to be immediately rebuilt. The Races will take place in February. The renowned Carnival will surpass all others, and the Regattas will form an important part of the attractions, particulars of which anon.

The visitors are daily arriving in increased numbers, and those English who were too timid to pass through Paris, have nevertheless found the means of coming on here by way of Amiens, Reims, and Dijon; while several who from fear fled into Switzerland during the panic are now en route to this bright and sunny land.

Nice, Dec. 8, 1884.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT,

Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMLET. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Cranford, Hudson, Doane, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Business Manager, J. H. Cobbe.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S HOLIDAYS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'

TWENTIETH ANNUAL CARNIVAL OF MUSIC AND REFINED FUN. EVERYTHING NEW FROM BEGINNING TO END OF THE MAGNIFICENT PROGRAMME.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS. NEW AND ORIGINAL COMIC SKETCHES AND DANCES. PERFORMANCES WILL BE GIVEN EVERY AFTERNOON AT THREE; EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.

Fautenils, 6s.; Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Children under Twelve, Half price to Area and Stalls. No fees. No charge for booking.

Tickets and Places can be secured at Ambrose Austin's Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, One Month in advance.

Omnibuses run direct to the doors of St. James's Hall from all parts of London. Through Bookings to the St. James's Hall from every station on the Metropolitan and District Railways. Ask for tickets to Piccadilly-circus. No other place of amusement in London possesses such facilities of access as the St. James's Hall.

MASKELYNE AND COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.

Boxing Day and twice daily during the holidays. Afternoon at Three; Evening at Eight. Mr. Maskelyne's Christmas Novelties, entitled THE FAKES OF BENARES AND THEIR BRAZEN ORACLE, introducing many Novel Effects and Startling Illusions, differing entirely in character from any previously witnessed.

Stalls, 6s.; Reserved Seats, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.

THE CHRISTMAS HAMPER.

The sturdy man-servant of a country-house, after opening the hamper which has just been delivered, either from a neighbouring friend, perhaps a thriving tenant, or from the poulterer at the market town who buys up the best products of the season, is here bringing it to his master and mistress for their inspection. There is no more goodly sight of its kind than the magnificent turkey which lies on the top of the basket, and promises the best of Christmas fare to the company that will sit round the cheerful dinner-table on Thursday next.

We feel that prose is inadequate to do justice to the glorious renown and pre-eminence of this prince of edible birds; and wonder why no Poet Laureate has yet been appointed to sing the Turkey's praises, recollecting only the first verse of a certain paraphrase of Burns's "Ode to the Haggis":—

Fair fa' thy honest Christmas face,
Great chieftain o' the Poultry race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Goose, Duck, or Dorking!
Weel are ye worthy o' a Grace
At knife-and-forking!

But that hour of his final glorification, when he shall fill "the groaning platter," is not yet come; it is but a preliminary triumph at the opening of the hamper; and we anticipate with sympathetic pleasure the delight of a dozen guests at the impending Christmas dinner.

At the Holloway Hall, Holloway-road, yesterday week, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen distributed the Government awards to the successful students of the Hornsey School of Art—Mr. G. C. Leighton, a member of the committee, presiding. Most favourable reports of the progress of the students were read. A conversation followed, selections of instrumental music being performed while the company inspected the students' works.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK

is Now Publishing.

The Illustrated London Almanack for 1885, containing Six Coloured Pictures, by F. De Neck, F. H. Pavy, and G. O. Harrison, inclosed in a Beautifully Coloured Wrapper, printed by Leighton Brothers' Chromatic Process; Twenty-four Fine-Art Engravings; Astronomical Occurrences, with Explanatory Notes; and a great variety of Useful Information for reference throughout the Year, is published at the Office of the "Illustrated London News."

Price One Shilling; Postage, Twopence-Halfpenny.

A NEW STORY.

Mr. Francillon's Tale, "Ropes of Sand," is brought to a close in the present Number; and with the New Year will be commenced a New Story, entitled "Adrian Vidal," by W. E. Norris, Author of "Mademoiselle de Mersac," "Matrimony," "Thirlby Hall," and other works.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

At the King-street galleries, adjoining Messrs. Christie's well-known rooms, is to be seen a strongly representative collection of works by English artists—the President (Sir F. Leighton), Mr. E. W. Cook, Mr. Boughton, Mr. MacWhirter, being a few amongst those represented. Most of their pictures, however, have been exhibited at various times elsewhere, and it is therefore only necessary to allude on this occasion to the two new works, Mr. Millais' "Waif" and Mr. Orchardson's "Her First Ball." Mr. Millais has taken for the subject of his present work a little girl whom, rumour says, he saw sitting on a doorstep. If all waifs be as chubby as this one, it is no wonder that penny dinners for the poor are so little appreciated; and it may be added that if all waifs show at such an early age so much character as this child's mouth expresses, they must almost from the cradle have taken to heart lessons by which their more favoured sisters fail to profit, even after they have passed out of their "teens." There is a wonderful fascination in this poor child's face, on which Mr. Millais has expended some of his best work; and however conventional the treatment of the ragged brown dress and the basket of flowers undoubtedly may be, these points are forgotten in the magic attractiveness of that sad face and those far-seeing eyes. "The Waif" has been painted as a companion-picture to the artist's "Stowaway," a youth who, hoping to find in the New World the opening denied to him in the Old, has managed to conceal himself in the hold of an ocean-going ship, having for sole companionship a ship's block, a bit of chain-cable, and a realistic cask, so placed that the first lurch of the ship would probably have caused the death or maiming of the unlucky "castaway." The great attraction, however, of Mr. E. F. White's gallery is Mr. Orchardson's large picture representing a young country-girl at her first ball, dancing, as our grandmothers used to do, with graceful measured steps, face to face with her cavalier—in this case a "Town Buck" who knows how to pose and attitudinise to the best advantage and according to the latest mirror of fashion. These two figures occupy the whole of the centre of a very large canvas—the young girl in plain straight-falling muslin dress, scarcely reaching to her ankles, but far more modest than the longer garments which seem to have become rooted amongst civilised nations since the invention of the waltz, and the consequent "round dances." The subsidiary groups in Mr. Orchardson's picture are equally happy, and the dramatic as well as the pictorial interest is admirably sustained. At the top of the room sit the young maid's family and friends watching her début, the anxious mother, the rich but critical aunt, the half-jealous, half-admiring sister with her "beau." In the further corner is a select party gathered round the "débütante" of a past, long past season, if her shoulders do not belie her. They care little for the dancers, but a good deal for the latest bit of scandal which is being discussed eagerly amongst them. In another corner of the room are the musicians, seriously and laboriously executing their task on the spinnet, the violin, and other instruments as known to and used by our forefathers. Altogether, the picture will rank among the most successful of Mr. Orchardson's works. Its design is simple, its execution admirable; and the artist's special characteristics—as shown in a certain "acidity" of colouring—are almost if not quite absent, so that the wide and empty space of room seems full of rich tones, which overspread and heighten the "quality" of both the scene and the actors.

The exhibition of the works of Mr. J. D. Linton, at the Fine-Art Society's Gallery, cannot fail to attract many to a study of the only water-colour painter of figures who can compare with Sir John Gilbert. In many points, and especially as a student of the value of details, the President of the "Institute" will be placed by some on a rank with the President of the "Society"; but in this honourable rivalry the partisans of the old and the new school are well balanced; and it may almost be hoped that, stimulated by the present exhibition of his young confrère, the veteran President of the "old" society may allow a similar display of the achievements of his active life. The present exhibition contains, in addition to fifty water colours, illustrative of Mr. Linton's career, which, by-the-way, only attains its majority this winter, five large oil colour pictures illustrative of the life of a soldier in the sixteenth century. These works, produced in irregular order, have been exhibited at various times—"The Declaration of War," the first of the series, as late as last spring, at Burlington House. We do not pretend to any great sympathy for Mr. Linton's work in oils. His method seems weak, the interest too diffused; and more frequently than not, subordinate characters are treated with lavish care (as in "The Banquet"), whilst the chief personages are thrown into the background, or dismissed with scant attention. In his water colours, however, Mr. Linton is unsurpassed; and, seeing the richness and depth of colour he can obtain with these materials, it is only surprising that he should be tempted to abandon them. For instance, the texture of the hose and doublets of the characters in "The Admonition" (4)—a scene of Venetian life, full of story—is far richer than the majority of oil painters can obtain, with all the resources at their disposal.—"The Cardinal Minister" (35) is another of those dramatic scenes which call up the remembrance of Richelieu and Mazarin at a glance; and one seems to listen to the half hints covering whole wishes let drop by the Red Cardinal for the guidance of his secular agents. In a very different style is the figure of a girl, "Day Dreams" (37), turned half round, and full towards the spectator.

Her simple truth-loving face is resting upon her arms, with which she has done many a day of helpful work in the house, and now she is dreaming of the happiness which may be in store for her elsewhere. "The Black Fan" (56) is a specimen of what Mr. Linton can do in the way of exquisite finish. The face is somewhat too clear and enamel-like; but the arms, covered by long yellow silk mittens, are a very triumph of minute and truthful art. Amongst other noteworthy works are a "Study of a Man in Red" (54), a "Lady with a Fan" (41), and the pair "Before and After the Ball" (46 and 53). There is one peculiarity in Mr. Linton's work which might, we think, be modified with advantage. In some parts of Germany, the term "Eine dicke Frau" is a generally admitted compliment; but this taste is not widespread west of the Rhine. We do not admire—nor do we believe that any men ever admire—the *taille de guêpe*, the object of so many women's ambition; and doubtless Mr. Linton shares our dislike, and therefore energetically protests against waists altogether; but his protest would be stronger if urged with less emphasis.

Messrs. Dowdeswell have on view at their gallery in New Bond-street a series of water-colour drawings painted in Sussex by Mr. Sutton Palmer. This is the third county in which this artist has collected bits of English scenery so various and delightful as to suggest to searchers after the picturesque whether they have any need to cross the sea to satisfy their tastes. Each year Mr. Palmer gives proof of an increasingly facile brush, and the apparent ease with which he can reproduce David Cox, Birket Foster, Thorne Waite, Hine, and even De Wint, is, perhaps, only another way of allowing that Nature presents herself in the same guise to those who seek her and study her in the same spirit. The view of "Black-Cap Down, near Lewes" (2), of "Bramber" (5), and "Near Steyning" (48), are amongst the most attractive of the landscapes. In such studies as "The Month of May" (22), with a Hawthorn covered with blossom, or in "Willow" (19), where the water runs between the bushes, we get an idea of Mr. Sutton Palmer's careful hand and power of happy expression.

The seven works of Bouguereau now on view at the galleries (116, New Bond-street) of Messrs. Boussoy Valadon give a fair idea of the work of an artist who exercised over French art of the Empire no small influence. He has for years been one of the champions of classical art, varying his themes between those chosen from sacred history and pagan mythology. But it is as painter of the nude that M. Bouguereau has been chiefly known. His nymphs are very charming. It is, of course, as a painter of flesh that M. Bouguereau challenges criticism; and it may be urged that the surface frequently recalls that of porcelain than of a living being. His figures, however, are always finely drawn, well modelled, and the tone is well sustained throughout. In the principal picture in the room, "The Childhood of Bacchus," the boy borne aloft on the shoulders of his swarthy attendant, has life and joy in every limb. Another picture, the nymph Byblis looking at her own reflection mirrored in the stream below, is full of grace; but "La Leçon Difficile," a child seated on a stool trying to spell out her lesson, will probably attract the more general verdict of the English public.

MUSIC.

Christmas has brought the usual suspension of most musical performances in favour of those entertainments which exercise an absorbing interest during this season and that of the New Year. Our last records of 1884 include mention of the final Popular Concert and the last Crystal Palace Concert of the year, both of which took place last Saturday afternoon. The last Popular Concert consisted of a selection from Beethoven's works. Madame Norman-Néruda was the leading violinist, Miss Zimmermann the solo pianist, and Mr. Thorndike the vocalist. Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert was appropriated to Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption," the solo vocalists having been Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss M. Fenna, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. B. McGuckin, Mr. F. King, and Mr. Pyatt. The performance was generally an efficient one, the chorus-singing, by the Crystal Palace Choir, having been especially good.

Madame Sainton-Dolby gave the last of a series of three concerts—sustained by the pupils of her vocal academy—at Steinway Hall, on Thursday week, when the programme comprised a varied selection of vocal music by British composers, including some pleasing pieces by the concert-giver, and a scene from Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon." The performances of the young lady vocalists—solo and choral—gave good evidence of the value of the system of instruction pursued by Madame Sainton-Dolby. The skilful violin playing of Miss W. Robinson was an agreeable feature in the concert.

The Sacred Harmonic Society's Christmas performance of "The Messiah" yesterday (Friday) week was generally a very effective one. The chorus-singing was mostly efficient, and the solos were well sung by Madame Valleria, Madame Fassett, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Bridson. Mr. Cummings conducted with great ability. The next concert takes place on Jan. 23, when Berlioz's "Childhood of Christ," Bach's cantata "God's Time is the Best," and Goetz's psalm "By the Waters of Babylon," will be performed.

The Chevalier Bach's performance of three of Beethoven's pianoforte concertos at Prince's Hall yesterday (Friday) week was an interesting and unusual event. The works given were No. 1 in C major, No. 3 in C minor, and No. 5 in E flat, known as the "Emperor." These were not given in regular order, the last-named concerto having been preceded by No. 3 and followed by No. 1. The pianist displayed high executive powers in each instance, his rendering of the "Emperor" having been the most successful of all. There was a complete and efficient orchestra, ably conducted by Mr. Randegger.

This week's music included a performance, at St. James's Hall, of "The Messiah," conducted by Mr. W. G. Cousins, who has bestowed special research on the antecedents of the oratorio, and has published the results in a pamphlet.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Barnby, will inaugurate the New Year with a performance of the same oratorio next Thursday evening.

The following awards were made on Saturday by the Royal Academy of Music: The Balfie Scholarship, to Albert H. Fox; the Hine Gift, to Arthur E. Godfrey; and the Bonamy Dobree Prize, to Ernest Burton.

A violent gale raged over England, Ireland, and France during Saturday last and Sunday. The ferry-boat which plies between Connah's Quay and Queensferry capsized when in mid-stream, three out of ten persons on board being drowned. In Paris the gale was so violent that people were literally blown down in the streets; and the storm was accompanied by thunder, lightning, and rain.

The six-days' bicycle contest at the Westminster Aquarium closed last Saturday, Birt winning by 3½ miles from Weston. At the close the score was as follows:—J. Birt, 630 miles 5 laps; E. Weston, 627 miles; S. Vale, 616 miles 5 laps; A. Hawker, 540 miles 1 lap; C. Drury, 522 miles 2 laps; and W. Armstrong, 362 miles 7 laps.

TWO POETS CONTRASTED.

The writings of Mr. Robert Browning, for some years past, have shown an increasing disregard of artistic form and effect, whether narrative or dramatic, while they have certainly not improved in the graces of style and metrical harmony. But the powerful working of earnest thought upon the gravest problems of moral and spiritual life renders his latest productions valuable to many serious and reflecting minds. The little volume called *Ferishtah's Fancies* (Smith, Elder, and Co.), despite the quaintness and crudeness of its imagery, of its diction, and of its versification, all which are in the author's indefensible manner, contains precious jewels of true wisdom, such as can rarely be found in a fair casket of agreeable prose or beautiful verse. Ferishtah is a Moslem sage of Persia, described as a Dervish, who freely converses with his disciples and with inquirers or disputants upon every question that the most vehement scepticism can propound. He endeavours to "vindicate the ways of God to Man" by ingenious parables, narrated with high Oriental colouring, and usually followed by asking his listener to decide on the case of the parable. This method of instruction is familiar to us all from the Old and New Testament, but has been practised from time immemorial by public teachers of every religion in all countries of Asia. Its great abundance in Persian classic literature has given much employment to students of that language; and imitations of those stories, or "apologues" as they were then called, are frequent among the French and English essayists of the eighteenth century. But these were written in admirable prose, and we confess that Ferishtah's controversial devices would be far more to our own taste, if Mr. Browning had written them in the simplest and plainest sentences of common English, which in writing prose he is no doubt able to do. That he writes good English blank verse, throughout any page of this volume, we are compelled in truth to deny; it is neither verse nor good English. Indeed the Prologue, which is in rhyme, is of superlative badness; and the rhymed stanzas of amorous appeal to some unknown feminine spirit, intercalated between Ferishtah's ethical discussions, are feeble as well as inappropriate. It is the best to speak thus frankly of the literary faults of Mr. Browning's work, since he asks us to do so; "as verse ranks, so rate my verse," he says, and we rate it, as verse, extremely low; but he goes on to make Ferishtah say, "if good therein outweighs aught faulty judged, judge justly!" and so we will. The amount of "good therein," let us hasten to declare, is enough to furnish a dozen Professors of Moral Philosophy, Broad Church clergymen, Liberal Dissenting ministers, and contributors of serious articles to the monthly magazines, with matter for their dissertations that will not soon be exhausted. Here are twelve conversations of the Persian teacher, a Mohammedan Socrates, with Solomon's Proverbs and the Book of Ecclesiastes wrought into his heart and brain, and with an intuitive foreknowledge of Schopenhauer and Hartmann, confuting various atheistic, pessimist, or materialist fallacies with the greatest apparent success. This is what comes of fantastic tales like "The Eagle," "The Melon-seller," "Shah Abbas," "The Camel-driver," and those curious speculations on the eating of cherries and apples, the black and white beans, with much bold though not disloyal talk about the reigning Shah. "Is Life worth Living?" "Do things tend to Good or to Bad?" "Ought Man to be grateful and trustful?" "Why do wicked men prosper?" "Why should there be any Pain?" "Have we a right to punish crime?" "Have we a right to anticipate the Divine chastisement?" "Ought we to enjoy the pleasures of sense?" "What knowledge is worth the experience of Love?" Questions of this sort, and one or two directly bearing on the evidences and essential doctrine of Christianity (under the veil of a hypothetical case), are powerfully argued by Ferishtah, who is a reasoner of uncommon subtlety and skill in the Socratic manner. Once more, we only wish that Mr. Browning would rewrite the whole in prose.

The robust intelligence, and the manly tone of thought and moral purpose, which we sincerely esteem in all the works of Mr. Browning, have not been discernible in those of Mr. Algernon Swinburne. But he is, on the other hand, by the general verdict of critics who understand the style and the music of poetry, one of our finest poetical artists—the greatest contrast, therefore, to the eminent thinker above noticed. He has a fervent and soaring imagination, tenderness and depth of sympathy, and a force of lyrical enthusiasm, held in subjection to the melody of verse, possessed by few English writers of this age. *A Midsummer Holiday and Other Poems* (Chatto and Windus) is the title of a collection of new pieces, which show as much of these qualities as any of Mr. Swinburne's former productions, but which have the same faults as most of what he has written—the lack of sanity and common-sense, frenzied extravagance in his estimate of the objects of such furious adoration, and the prodigal misuse of appeals to superhuman sanctions. His deification of Victor Hugo, in the "New Year Ode," an amazing succession of laudatory flights extolling the "Légende des Siècles" as the supreme Revelation, and its author as a poetical Demigod, beats all previous examples of immoderation and incontinence in the exercises of literary compliment and praise. Mr. Swinburne piles up the glory above the tops of high mountains and over the clouds of the sky, and then calls for all the light the sun can bestow to shine upon it, for the sole purpose of doing honour to his French friend, who is thus excessively magnified at the expense of all other men in the world past or present. Mr. Swinburne does this in twenty-five page-bursts of splendid rhyme, cascades of gorgeous metaphorical language, infinitely beyond the true account of the matter, and so far from convincing that the sceptical reader is tempted to write "Fudge" at the bottom of every page. His few stanzas on Mazzini are scarcely less preposterous in the way of exaggerating the personal merits of their subject; to say that the liberation of Italy was the work of Mazzini is to belie the known historical fact. The three sonnets addressed to Louis Blanc, a Republican certainly deserving of respect, are likewise pitched in this falsetto key of misdirected hero-worship, which pervades all the author's declamation on political themes. As for his poetical onslaughts directed against the English House of Lords, the sonnets entitled "Vos Deos Laudamus," the "Twilight of the Lords," suggested by Wagner's "Götter-dämmerung," "Clear the Way," and "A Word for the Country," their violence would appear shocking to the most excited meeting of Democratic Radicals. Mr. Swinburne is bent on out-Heroding Herod in these vapouring effusions of affected anger; but whenever he works himself into such a passion, like Victor Hugo, he loses much of his proper gift as a poet, and becomes instead a harsh and bad rhetorician. We gladly testify, nevertheless, that his new volume contains some other poems of a noble quality, entirely free from the perversion of judgment and the intemperance of expression that characterise those we have mentioned. "A Midsummer Holiday" is not, as might be supposed, a single narrative or descriptive piece, but a few idyllic meditations on seacoast scenery, dedicated to Mr. Theodore Watts, in whose companionship the author seems to have been staying at Cromer. They are written mostly in a difficult metre of fifteen-syllabled lines, which, perhaps, only Tennyson could manage with equal skill; and with a peculiar

order of the rhymes, and the recurrence of one particular line at the close of each stanza, prescribed by the strict rules of a certain form of the ancient French ballad. "In the Water" is a delicious utterance of the bathers' emotions in swimming out seaward; and the geographical reflections "On the Verge," looking due north from that coast over an ocean that stretches to the Pole with no land intervening, are finely associated with thoughts of infinity of time, and of the sublime possibility beyond our mortal life. The whole of this series of poems, and those also which describe the sea and rocks of the Channel Islands, "Les Casquets," "A Ballad of Sark," "A Solitude," and the "Ballad at Parting," which exults in the position of England as bounded and guarded by our surrounding waters, "here the limitless north-eastern, there the strait south-western sea," merit sincere admiration; we feel that they are worthy of a first-rate English poet, and we doubt whether Victor Hugo could write better of the kind. Again, in his charming little "Cradle-Songs," and in the tender, thoughtful, truthful poems on his nine-year-old little boy, Mr. Swinburne more than makes amends for the superb nonsense which he has dealt out, now and heretofore, on some critical, political, and theological topics, where he lets the rhyme run away with the reason. His lyrical genius, and his mastery over the verbal instrument of poetry, can never be disputed; and, if he had but a small portion of Mr. Browning's wisdom, he would rank among the greatest of our poets.

NOVELS.

There is something almost sublime in the fundamental conception of *Mitchelhurst Place*: by Margaret Veley (Macmillan and Co.), and something quite beautiful now and then in the execution. There is something truly heroic, something as awful as the spectacle of Prometheus on the rock, in the picture of a man who, not even in the weakest moment of the illness that brings him down to a premature grave, lets his secret escape from his lips, and, so far as any revelation on his part is concerned, leaves the woman he loved in blissful ignorance—though her conscience causes her some sad misgivings—that to her thoughtlessness he in all probability owes the ruin of his prospects, the failure of his cherished plans, the very consumption that wastes him away, and, what he regretted most of all, the loss of herself. Perhaps he was a morbid, disagreeable egotist, but it seems as if she might have cured him; and he certainly had in his nature a very potent spark of true nobility. With all his faults, he was as superior to the comparatively commonplace young poet, who wears the usual brown velvet coat, and who "cuts him out," as, to compare small personages with great, King Arthur to Sir Lancelot. Moreover, he had a temperament resembling rather that of the warm-blooded but erring Knight than of the cold-blooded but blameless King. The purpose of the story is as follows. The Rothwells of Mitchelhurst Place were an ancient and honourable but morbidly proud and vain as well as thriftless race; and, through their thriftlessness, the "Place" had passed into other hands, at any rate until some descendant of the Rothwells should redeem it by purchase. The nearest descendant is, *par les femmes*, Reynold Harding, whose mother, a true Rothwell, from whom he inherits the beauty as well as all the bad or disagreeable attributes of the Rothwells, had married, for reasons and in a manner quite worthy of the egotistical and stiff-necked family to which she belonged, the younger son of a rich pork-butcher. The remembrance of the pork-butcher poisons the life of Reynold Harding, who is left fatherless and penniless; and he refuses to go and make his fortune in the house of business presided over by his father's elder brother. But Reynold meets Barbara Strange, who inspires him with the desire to win back Mitchelhurst Place, and make her the mistress of it; so he writes to accept the kind offer which has once more been made to him by his uncle, and which must be accepted within a certain number of days, else it will never be repeated. Through Barbara's own carelessness, the letter of acceptance never reaches the uncle: Reynold Harding is too proud to explain, even if any explanation would have mended matters; he loses Mitchelhurst Place and Barbara, goes down to an early grave, and never tells her how much he had to reproach her with. This conduct of his was grand, if in other matters he was a little ignoble. It was very little that was ignoble; and he was dying: let that be his excuse for not preserving the other secret. Besides, when Barbara recovered from the first shock of the revelation, she would be sure, like a woman, to hug the idea that she had been so beloved by two men, and that one of them as good as died for love of her. She would have a new bonnet on the strength of it; or at any rate, would exhibit a double portion of self-complacency.

It is easy to divine what is the nature of such a book as *Jack's Courtship*: by W. Clark Russell (Sampson Low and Co.), from the name of the author and experience of his novels. The three volumes, of course, contain a number of excellent descriptions, representing to the life the various aspects of the sea in all its moods, the pleasures and perils of the deep, and passages of love-making diversified or relieved by touches of humour. Jack Seymour, a retired sailor, though still young in years if not in experience, falls in love with Florence Hawke (and Hawke, if not Florence, is a sailor-like name), who returns the compliment and the affection. Florence's proud father, to give the author the chance of "putting to sea," tries to remove her from the latitudes of Jack Seymour by sending her on a voyage to Australia; but the gallant Jack is equal to the occasion, and, taking an alias and practising other ingenious arts, manages to go on the same voyage in the same ship with her. Here, then, is the author launched on his favourite element; and it is scarcely necessary to observe that he is not only at home upon it, but makes wonderfully good use of it. Jack has already won Florence's heart; and he proceeds, by his knowledge of the sea and of seafaring ways, to win the heart of Florence's duenna also, the she-dragon who should have kept him above all men at a distance from Florence's golden youth. Henceforth, of course, all is "plain sailing." Sailors—that is, British sailors—are known to have, or in the palmy days of English seaman-ship, to have had, the most supreme contempt for the French language, and the same contempt may perhaps be reasonably expected among writers of "sea stories"; at any rate, our author writes of "la première danseuse de la (sic) monde" (Vol. II., p. 232) with a disregard of gender to raise a Frenchman's choler. There is no occasion for English writers to use French terms when their own language will serve the purpose, as it would perfectly well in this case; the more reason, then, for taking care to be right when the use of French is quite gratuitous.

There is a suggestion of refreshing idyllic poetry about the title of *By Mead and Stream*: by Charles Gibbon (Chatto and Windus), and there are many portions of the novel which fully bear out the suggestion. The three volumes are very pleasant, easy, and fairly interesting to read; and some of the characters are truly charming. Of such characters are the stalwart British yeoman, his wife, and his beautiful though rather too mysterious niece; and of such also are Caleb Kersey, and the

old gardener, and pretty, silly, coquettish Pansy, his granddaughter, with whom Caleb is over head and ears in love. The chief incidents are a fire, which Caleb is unjustly accused of causing—and of causing, moreover, with malicious intent—and a forgery, the detection of which is frustrated in a very original and ingenious manner by the interposition of a worthy juggler, "the anxious and affectionate brother of the swindler" (that is, of the forger); which juggler makes the following philosophic remark anent his relative's forgery: "I suppose it's in our natures. I took to juggling in an honest way, and he took to juggling the other way." Much the same remark would apply to Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook, who frankly admit their jugglery, and Messrs. the "Spiritualists," who forge the spirits' signatures. One of the principal personages in the novel is a rich uncle, who causes himself to be impersonated by another man, and so works marvels "unknown"—a course which is always very gratifying to a certain class of readers.

Woman-kind, to whom a baby is an object of reverence, may be more likely than mankind to appreciate the excellence of *Sir Tom*: by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan and Co.); but mankind also may derive a certain modified pleasure from the novel, whenever the baby goes into retirement for a season. The writer is more than a little wordy; but there is wordiness and wordiness, and there is even, as in the present instance, a wordiness that exercises a sort of soothing influence, such as "Mesopotamia" is said to have exercised upon a certain simple-minded member of a certain congregation. What, however, does the writer mean by comparing a single creature to "a (sic) Caryatides"? You might as well speak of "a calves." Yet, at page 249 of the first volume, we are introduced to one "Jock, slim and dark, supporting a corner of the mantel-piece, like a young Caryatides in black." Be it known, moreover, to all whom it may concern, that Caryatides are female figures. However, it is more to the point to tell how Sir Tom, otherwise Sir Thomas Randolph, Baronet (for he must have been a baronet), who gives the title to the three volumes, led a "wild" life in his youth, hampered his estates by his extravagance, travelled like Ulysses, and, like that famous Greek chieftain, saw men (and, what is more, women) and cities, retrieved his fortunes by marrying an heiress, was returned to Parliament for the county in which he lived, had a son and heir, and very nearly quarrelled irremediably with his simple but pretty, charming, conscientious, and by no means silly little wife. It was the will under which the wife inherited her immense wealth that began the quarrel, which was more or less unintentionally fermented by her young prig of a brother, and by a very entertaining Contessa, whom the baronet had known abroad in his "wild" days, and who brought to England with her a beautiful young girl, a very interesting personage, very singular indeed in her ways of thinking and behaving, and strongly suspected by scandal-mongers, and even by the amiable wife to whom scandal was an utter abomination, of being the baronet's own daughter. How the quarrel begins, proceeds, and ends, may be read to greater amusement than profit in the three somewhat verbose volumes; and how useful the baby was for the purpose of bringing about a thorough reconciliation will be generally acknowledged. Whether the provisions of the will were carried out exactly in accordance with the intentions of the well-meaning lunatic (in a strictly parliamentary sense) who made it, must be left to the decision of the reader, who will probably agree with the baronet and sundry men of business that the provisions were essentially absurd and unpracticable.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

Last week the London Irish Rifles mustered in considerable force at St. James's Hall to witness the presentation of the prizes won in rifle-shooting this season. Among the numerous donors were the Duke of Connaught (Honorary Colonel of the corps), Earl Spencer, Sir R. Wallace, the Duke of Abercorn, and General Sir H. Daubeney. Lieut.-Colonel Furnival, in making his report of the condition of the regiment, said the enrolled strength was 844, against 938 last year; but the non-efficients had decreased from 63 to 23. The best shot of the regiment and winner of the gold medal is Sergeant Moses.

The annual presentation of prizes to the members of the 17th (North) Middlesex took place in St. James's Hall on the 18th inst., Viscount Enfield, honorary Colonel, presiding. The corps numbers 750, of whom 23 are non-efficient, the total strength last year amounting to 762, all of whom were efficient. Lord Enfield presented the prizes, the principal winners being Private F. Fursman, who gained the battalion gold badge and marksman's badge with three stars, and Private J. Jennings, who carried off the battalion prize presented by Lord Enfield. A testimonial, subscribed for by the officers and shooting members of the regiment, was presented to Sergeant C. G. Nobbs, hon. sec. to the shooting committee. A regimental ball followed.

The Lord Mayor presided last Saturday evening at the annual distribution of prizes to the 2nd London, when the winners of the trophies received rewards from the Lady Mayoress. His Lordship attended in state. The Colonel of the regiment said that, although they had not quite so many men on the roll as in the previous year, they had a better percentage of efficiency. The Lady Mayoress presented the prizes, among the chief winners of which were Sergeant Cuttriss, Private White, and Private Richardson.

The prizes won during the past year by the 4th Battalion of the West Surrey (the Queen's) were distributed last Saturday evening at Cannon-street Hotel by Colonel Lynch, the commandant of the Second Regimental District. Lieut.-Colonel A. W. Ray, the commanding officer, said that a detachment numbering 125 officers and men took part in the marching column to Dover at Easter, while about an equal number went into camp at Aldershot for the summer drills, and he was glad to say that in both cases most satisfactory reports had been received of the conduct of the men. He referred with satisfaction to the association of their corps with the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment—one of the oldest in the service—and said that the result of the year's work was the earning of over £1300 in capitation grant.

It is stated, on authority, that it has been decided to replace the whole of the Snider rifles now in the hands of the Volunteer infantry by Martini-Henrys, and that the issue of the latter will commence very shortly. The Snider rifles have been in the hands of the Volunteers since 1870.

The Manchester Ship Canal Bill has been deposited in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons. It provides for the raising of £10,000,000 of capital, of which £2,000,000 will be by loan. The new scheme will not communicate in any way with the Mersey, except at its outlet at Eastham.

The fifth annual dramatic performance by the "Thalian" Company, in aid of the Homeopathic Hospital, Great Ormond-street, will be given at St. George's Hall, on Thursday, Jan. 15, 1885, when will be played T. W. Robertson's comedy, in three acts, "The Ladies' Battle," preceded by the comedietta "Twenty Minutes Under an Umbrella."

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

Captain Norton's screw battery.

The Factory.

Camel Corps Camp.

Railway Station.

Commissionariat.

Ordnance.

Dehshieh of Col. Duncan.

Hauling launch up.

Steamer Firuz, towing barge with Camel Corps, and whale-boats.



GENERAL VIEW OF WADY HALFA, FROM THE HOSPITAL BUILDINGS.



THE GUARDS' CAMEL CORPS ON THE WAY TO DONGOLA, MEETING LORD WOLSELEY IN THE DESERT.



SCENE ON THE ROAD TO DONGOLA.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, writes to us on the 27th ult., from Dongola, where he arrived by riding with the Guards' Camel Corps. The head-quarters of General Lord Wolseley's army are now at Korti, a little above Ambukol, where the Nile begins (speaking as a traveller would in ascending the river) to make its huge bend to the north-east, to Abou Ahmed, including the Fourth Cataract, near Merawi, and the Fifth Cataract, north of Berber. The caravan route across the Bayuda Desert, avoiding the immense circuit, leaves the river at Ambukol or Korti, and strikes in a south-easterly direction, by the aid of certain wells and water-courses, to the banks of the Nile at Metemmeh, opposite Shendy, which is about half-way between Khartoum and Berber. The distance is, in a straight line on the map, about one hundred and fifty miles, but the travelling distance is more than a hundred and seventy; we shall give a plan of this route probably next week. It seems now to be expected that Lord Wolseley will, as soon as the best part of his force is assembled at Korti, take all the mounted infantry and cavalry corps under command of Sir Herbert Stewart, and push across the Desert to Shendy, where General Gordon is likely to meet him. Whether he will have to fight a battle as he approaches that place, or nearer to Khartoum, must depend on the disposition of the Mahdi and his followers, whose real condition is very little known. The state of affairs at Korti seems to be promising; the Head-quarters' Staff, with an escort of three troops of Hussars, reached that place last Sunday, and a detachment of the South Staffordshire Regiment came up the river in whale-boats from Debbbeh; the steam-boat Nassif Kheir brought up stores from Dongola. The natives around Korti and Ambukol are friendly, and held a large fair at Korti on Sunday, for the sale of cattle and sheep, grain, dates, salt, and cotton. The Vakeel of Merawi, higher up the river, came to pay his respects to Lord Wolseley, who decorated him with the Star of the Order of the Medjidieh, Third Class. The field telegraph from Korti is now in working order. On the other hand, we learn that one of the Nile boats on its way up has been capsized seventeen miles below Korti. Among those on board were two newspaper correspondents; all the occupants were saved by the pinnace of U.M.S. Inflexible, but the baggage was lost. The navigation of the river is daily becoming more difficult, owing to the shifting of the sand; and the wind is no longer available for sailing; the arrival of the boats is thus delayed. Lord Wolseley says, in a despatch to the War Office: "The English boats have, up to this point, fulfilled all my expectations. The men are in excellent health, fit for any trial of strength, as result of constant manual labour. The work in the boats against current is very hard, but is borne most cheerfully, without a grumble. All thoughts bent on relief of Khartoum and of their gallant comrade who is besieged there."

Although Wady Halfa, near the Second Cataract, has been left several hundred miles in the rear of the advancing British army, its continued importance as a base of operations, and as the dépôt of Commissariat and Ordnance stores, gives interest to our Artist's drawing of a General View of this place, taken from the Hospital Buildings. The navigation of the river from the First Cataract, near Assouan, up to Wady Halfa, is perfectly free and unimpeded; and it has been easy, by means of the steam-boats, to accumulate all the military stores required for the Expedition at Wady Halfa, where a short railway takes them past the Second Cataract to Sarra, for re-embarkation in barges to be carried on to Dongola. All the great difficulties of transit have been experienced between Wady Halfa and Dongola, but especially in passing the series of rocky rapids in the Batn-el-Hadjar, of which we have given some illustrations from Sketches by Lieutenant R. De Lisle, R.N., and other correspondents. Our Special Artist, having been wrecked in a steam-launch at the Second Cataract, was fain to quit the river and take to camel-riding with the mounted corps, of which he furnishes two illustrations this week. One represents an officer's camel entangled among the rocks and blocks of granite on the road, with the officer and his Arab servant trying to persuade the poor beast to make an effort to raise himself; the Englishman holding up the camel's neck and using the whip, the Arab pulling the camel by the tail. The other sketch is that of Lord Wolseley, mounted on his camel, with Captain Wardroper, his aide-de-camp, riding behind him, arrived at a halting-place of the Guards' Camel Corps on the way to Dongola; his Lordship is speaking with Colonel Sir G. W. Cummings and Colonel Rowley, two of the officers of that corps.

BURKE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE, 1885.

Despite all that has been said and written of late against the House of Lords, the Peers are held in regard by the public at large. Their influence permeates through all classes, and guides our social life. In the historic achievements which have won coronets, everyone has a national pride, and clings to an institution which has been part and parcel of the Constitution of England time out of mind. The fortunes, and even the misfortunes, of the Peerage interest all. So general is this feeling, that no house or library of any pretension can be said to be complete without "Burke's Peerage and Baronetage," indispensable as an authority on everything connected with the Peers, Baronets, and Knights, their lineages, alliances, and personal history; and most valuable as a guide in all questions of precedence, etiquette, and relative rank. The events of the Peerage which occurred between Dec. 1, 1883, and Dec. 1, 1884, we find, from the new edition now before us, were more remarkable for deaths than for creations. The only new titles added to the Peerage, if we do not include those granted to Scottish and Irish Lords, are Hampden, Tennyson, Monk Bretton, and Northbourne. The title of the ex-Speaker has been judiciously bestowed, in recognition of his descent from the patriot Hampden; and the barony of Tennyson is the first peerage ever conferred on a poet, in Royal acknowledgment of his genius. Three Baronets only have been made—Lister, Bowman, and Samuelson. The obituary list is exceptionally long. The loss of the Duke of Albany, a Prince of brilliant promise, is universally deplored. Then follow two other Dukes, of historic titles—Wellington and Buccleuch. The list also includes two Marquises—Hertford and Londonderry; eight Earls—Craven, Bantry, Abingdon, Sandwich, Seafeld, Arran, Cowley, and Lauderdale; two Viscounts—Falkland and Torrington; seven Barons—Howard of Glossop, Mostyn, Raglan, Farnham, Petre, Stafford, and Amphil; and two Baronesses—Sempill and North. Thirty odd Baronets died in the same period.

Moulvie Muhammad Sami-ullah Khan, Judge in the North-Western Provinces of India, has been appointed a Member of the Third Class of Companions of the Orders of St. Michael and St. George, in recognition of his services to the Earl of Northbrook in Egypt.

Sir Henry Dryden has opened an International Photographic Exhibition in Northampton Museum Galleries. The pictures number over six hundred. Several are life-size autotype enlargements from the negative. Specimens have been sent from all parts of the world. The opening ceremony was attended by a brilliant assemblage.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

F H (Munich).—One appears below, the other is still under examination.
Le Frox (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—In Mr. Loyd's Problem White cannot play 1. Kt to K 7th, because in so doing he exposes his own King to check.
F E G (Tidals).—Look at No. 2123 again. When writing, you were very wide of the mark. The game shall have early attention.
H A L S (Caterham).—The composer named is too learned in the construction of problems to present the position referred to as a regular problem. It was a *fantaisie*, nothing more.
A V D O (Fyzabad).—One was published last week. Yours of the 25th ult. shall be examined in due course.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2121 received from James Easton; of No. 2122 from G. P. (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 2123 from B. H. O. (Salisbury), George Joicey, Pierce Jones, D. W. (Aberdeenshire); of No. 2124 from Madame Tamisier (Brussels), Columbus, Outface, James L. Hyland, Edwin Smith (Perth), B. H. O. (Salisbury), Pierce Jones, H. E. B. Arnold, L. Vander Haeghen; of Mr. Loyd's Problem from Hereward, W. Hillier, Aaron Harper, G. L. Mayne, A. Wignmore, G. S. Oldfield, C. Darragh, H. H. Noyes, W. J. Rudman, B. L. Dyke, M. O'Halloran, R. H. Brooks, H. A. L. S. J. R. (Edinburgh), T. G. (Ware), and L. Vander Haeghen.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2125 received from Hereward, George Joicey, W. Hillier, J. T. W. Aaron Harper, Shadforth, Jumbo, Trial, L. L. Greenaway, G. L. Mayne, Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), H. Wardle, G. W. Law, T. H. Holdron, G. S. Oldfield, F. G. Newbolt, Fanny H. Levy (Edmonton), Henry J. Eder, C. Darragh, A. Leon, Raymond Steinforth, W. J. Rudman, Pierce Jones, B. L. Dyke, H. E. B. Arnold (Warrington), M. O'Halloran, H. A. L. S., R. H. Brooks, Joseph Ainsworth, A. C. Hunt, S. Lowndes, E. Casella (Paris), N. Cator, H. Lucas, R. Gray, James Pilkington, W. Dewse, A. Kaiberg (Hamburg), E. Loud'n, Castle, T. G. (Ware), George J. Veale, Otto Fulder (Ghent), L. Vander Haeghen, R. Tweddell, G. Postbrooke, C. S. Coxe, Jupiter Junior, R. Ingersoll, H. K. Aydyr, C. W. Milson, A. L. Orr, Le Pion (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Edwin Smith (Perth), A. M. Colborne, No Name (Edmonton), N. S. Harris, B. Elsbury, Columbus, D. W. Kell, J. R. (Edinburgh), H. Blacklock, and Ben Nevis.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2123.

WHITE.

1. Q to K 6th
2. Q to Kt 6th (ch)
3. R to Q R 8th. Checkmate.

* If Black play 1. K takes R, White continues with 2. Q to K sq (ch), &c.; if 1. P to B 5th, then 2. K to B 3rd, &c.

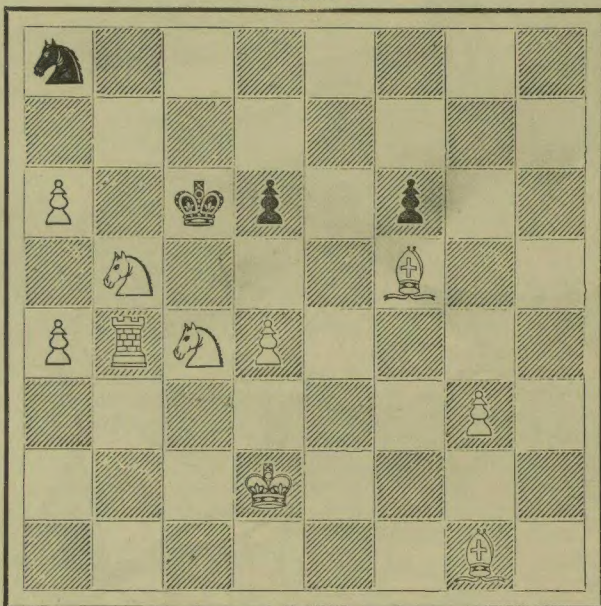
BLACK.

P takes R.
P takes Q

PROBLEM No. 2127.

By FRITZ HOFFMAN (Munich).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS NUTS.

In accordance with our annual custom, we present our readers with a few Chess Nuts for Christmas. Beginning with something for beginners, here is a sweet nut by Herr Rudolph L'Hermet of Magdeburg, a composer who is well known to "Children of a larger growth" in these columns.

White: K at Q Kt sq, Q at Q R 8th, R at Q 7th. (Three pieces.)
Black: K at Q R 6th; Pawns at Q R 5th, Q Kt 5th, and Q B 5th. (Four pieces.)

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Another "nut" from Magdeburg, with much the same flavour as the last.

White: K at Q sq, Q at Q B sq. (Two pieces.)
Black: K at Q 6th, Pawns at Q 5th and K 5th. (Three pieces.)
White to play, and mate in two moves.

To such of our young readers as do not possess Staunton's "Chess Player's Handbook," the following position offers an instructive lesson:—

White: K at K B 3rd, B at Q B 2nd, P at K R 5th. (Three pieces.)
Black: K at K 2nd. (One piece.)

White to move and win.

The point of this end game is, that if the White Pawn had been at K R 4th, White could not win.

The next nut, by Mr. W. J. McArthur, although it carried off the first prize in a tournament organised by the *South Australian Chronicle*, is constructed on such well-known principles that our youngest solvers should have no difficulty in cracking it.

White: K at Q R 7th, Q at K Kt 6th, B at K B 2nd, Kt at Q sq, Pawn at Q 5th. (Five pieces.)
Black: K at K 4th. (One piece.)
White to play, and mate in three moves.

A neat Problem from the *Nuova Rivista* of Rome, by the editor of that excellent monthly, Mr. C. B. Vansittart:—

White: K at Q R 7th, Q at Q 7th, R at Q Kt sq, B at Q B 5th, Kt at K B sq, Pawn at Q Kt 2nd. (Six pieces.)
Black: K at Q B 5th, Kt at K B 5th; Pawns at K 3rd, 4th, and 5th, Q 6th, and Q R 5th. (Seven pieces.)
White to play, and mate in three moves.

A simple position and a familiar mate, which, however, we found rather difficult to accomplish. It is the composition of Mr. W. A. Shinkman, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, U.S.A., a gentleman who has published more problems than any other composer in the world.

White: K at Q Kt 2nd; Q at K Kt 4th; B to Q R 4th. (Three pieces.)
Black: K at Q R 4th. (One piece.)
White to play, and mate in four moves.

We have no special admiration for Suicidal problems, although the ingenuity of modern composers in that branch of problem construction cannot be denied. For the rude, rough and ready, forcing moves, which prevailed in the old suicidal problems, our modern composers bring about the necessary block by quiet subtle moves. The following, by Mr. J. Jespersen, of Copenhagen, is a fair example of the present style:—

White: K at K R 2nd, Q at Q sq, R at K 6th, Kts at K 7th and K B 3rd, B at Q R 7th, Pawns at Q B 2nd and K R 3rd. (Eight pieces.)
Black: K at K 6th, B at Q R 8th, Pawns at K 4th and K B 5th. (Four pieces.)
White to play and force Black to mate him in three moves.

Mr. H. Brooks Marshall last week laid the memorial-stone in connection with the rebuilding of the City of London Almshouses at Shepherd's-lane, Brixton.

The British Association has received £500, as a fund to found a gold medal to be given annually in the Faculty of Applied Science at the McGill University at Montreal.

Upon the Premier's recommendation, the Queen has granted £100 from the Royal Bounty Fund to Mrs. Williams, of Llandudno, widow of the late Rev. John Williams, Baptist Minister, who translated the Bible into modern Welsh.

In a long-pending case, the Court of Queen's Bench last week gave judgment to the effect that a trustee under a will, having intrusted £8564 to a London solicitor who had embezzled that amount, was bound to make restitution to the beneficiaries, on the ground that he should not have placed blind confidence in the solicitor.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the deed of settlement (dated March 19, 1877), with two codicils (dated Feb. 16, 1881, and April 30, 1883), of Mr. Walter Neilson, ironmaster at Summerlee, late of Kenmore House, Bishop Briggs, who died at Ayr, on Aug. 18 last, granted to Hugh Neilson, the brother, John Neilson, William Alexander, Anderson Kirkwood, William Neilson, George Neilson, and Walter Neilson, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 24th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £300,000.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Aberdeenshire, of the trust disposition and deed of settlement (dated July 12, 1875), with a codicil (dated Feb. 16, 1876), of Sir Archibald Grant, Bart., of Monymusk, in the county of Aberdeen, who died on Sept. 5 last, granted to Charles John Radcliffe, Godfrey Edward Alcester Radcliffe, and William Craig, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on the 17th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £117,000.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1870), with two codicils (dated March 29, 1878, and Nov. 4, 1882), of Mr. Edward Smalley Potter, late of No. 37, Queen's Gate-gardens, South Kensington, who died on May 23 last, was proved on the 4th inst. by Mrs. Alice Hamilton Potter, the widow, Thomas Winter Potter, the brother, and Frederick Townsend Procter, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £112,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and all his furniture, plate, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; the family portraits and paintings to his wife, for life, and then to his son who shall first attain twenty-one; £40,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life; £20,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters; £500 to each of his sisters, Mrs. Ford, Miss Harriet Potter, and Mrs. Graham; and £200 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his sons, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 27, 1883) of Mr. Henry Cosier, late of No. 33, Phillimore-gardens, Kensington, and of Three Crown-square, Southwark, hop merchant, who died on Oct. 16 last, was proved on the 24th inst. by Mrs. Mary Ann Cosier, the widow, William Henry Cosier, the son, Robert Arnold Cosier, the brother, and Henry Rowe, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £42,000. The testator bequeaths all his plate, books, pictures, furniture and effects, to his wife, and £3000, upon trust, for her, for life or widowhood; £3000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Emily Randall and Mrs. Edith Maria Russell, for their respective lives; and legacies to his brother, sister, sons-in-law, employees, and business servants. The residue of his property, including his business of a hop merchant, he leaves to his sons, William Henry and Arthur George, conditionally on their paying £1000 per annum to his wife during life or widowhood.

The will (dated April 25, 1873), with a codicil (dated Feb. 18, 1880), of Mr. William Gurdon, late of Brantham Court, Suffolk, who died on Oct. 12 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Mr. Robert Thornhagh Gurdon, M.P., and Sir William Brampton Gurdon, K.C.M.G., C.B., the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £38,000. The testator leaves his real estate at Brantham, and Sutton, Norfolk, subject to a right of residence at Brantham Court, given to his sister, Mrs. Anne Wodehouse, and to the payment of some legacies and an annuity to his sister, to his nephew, the said Robert Thornhagh Gurdon, and the heirs male of his body; his freehold land at Cranworth, Norfolk, to his brother Brampton Gurdon; and legacies to his brother the Rev. Philip Gurdon, to nephews, nieces, and servants. The residue of his personal estate he gives to the children of his brother Edward Gurdon.

The will (dated March 17, 1879) of Mr. Spiridion Mavrojani, late of No. 26, Gloucester-square, Hyde Park, who died on Aug. 12 last, was proved on the first inst. by Alexander Mavrojani, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £36,000. The testator gives £5000 and all his furniture, pictures, wines, stores, effects, carriages and horses, to his wife, Mrs. Maria Mavrojani; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his said son. He confirms the settlement already made for the benefit of his wife and son.

The will (dated April 6, 1871) of Mr. Thomas Parsons, late of No. 40, Long-acre, and of No. 6, Baron-grove, Mitcham, varnish manufacturer, who died on Oct. 18 last, was proved on the 3rd inst. by Mrs. Emily Parsons, the widow, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £34,000. The only persons benefited by the will are testator's wife and children.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1879), with a codicil (dated Jan. 12, 1881), of Mr. William Driffeld, late of Knaresborough, Yorkshire, who died on Sept. 27 last, was proved on the 27th ult. by Mrs. Aleida Margaretha Driffeld, the widow, and Mrs. Elizabeth Bowerbank, the sister, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. The testator leaves £200, and his wines, consumable stores, hay and corn, to his wife; his furniture, effects, horses and carriages, and £400 per annum, charged on his residuary real estate, to her, for life or widowhood; £50 to his said sister; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter, Aleida Marguerite; and the residue of the personality to his three sons. His freehold property at Bilton-with-Harrogate he gives to his son William, the Byard's-lane property, and an additional field, to his son Frank, and the residue of his freehold property and chattels real to his son Thomas Henry.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The following are the lecture arrangements before Easter, 1885:—Professor Tyndall, six lectures (adapted to a juvenile auditory) on the Sources of Electricity; on Dec. 27, Dec. 30, 1884; Jan. 1, 3, 6, 8, 1885. Professor H. N. Moseley, five lectures on Colonial Animals: their Structure and Life Histories; on Tuesdays, Jan. 13 to Feb. 10. Professor Arthur Gamgee, four lectures on Digestion; on Tuesdays, March 3 to 24. Professor Dewar, eleven lectures on the New Chemistry; on Thursdays, Jan. 15 to March 26. Dr. Waldstein, three lectures on Greek Sculpture, from Pheidias to the Roman era; on Saturdays, Jan. 17 to 31. Mr. G. J. Stoney, three lectures on the Scale on which Nature works, and the Character of some of her Operations; on Saturdays, Feb. 7 to 21. And Mr. Carl Armbruster, five lectures on the Life, Theory, and Works of Richard Wagner (with illustrations, vocal and instrumental); on Saturdays, Feb. 28 to March 28.

The evening meetings will begin on Friday, Jan. 16, when Professor Tyndall will give a discourse on Living Contagia.

Another very high price was given yesterday week at the sale of the Syston Park Library. Mr. Quaritch bought, for £4950, the Psalms Codex Latinus Hymnis, on vellum, printed at Mayence by Fast and Schoeffer, in 1458. A copy (imperfect) of the first folio Shakespeare sold for £590. The sale closed on Saturday last, the amount realised by the eight days' sale being £28,000.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Monday, Dec. 22.

The shop-windows of Paris have assumed that joyous and highly-coloured aspect which indicates the approach of Christmas and the New Year. Presents are the order of the day, and etiquette forces us all to waste our money on useless and generally unartistic objects, destined to be offered to the children and to the mistresses of houses where we have dined once or twice in the course of the past year. Toys, gift-books, boubons, and flowers, to say nothing of that limitless variety of objects which come under the category of *étrennes utiles*, useful presents, all tempt our purses; every year this system of present-giving becomes more onerous; every year the Parisians complain of it; and every year they continue to carry out the system on a vaster and more expensive scale.

Amidst the preoccupations of present-buying, the Parisians find time to discuss half a dozen matters which have been elevated to the dignity of topics of the day. First of all, there is the question of the Barons of Israel, not of the "Almanach de Gotha," but of the "Almanach de Golgotha," as the worn-out pleasantries runs. This question has been started by an ambitious young novelist, whose first book, "Les Monach," has had the honour of publication in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In this novel the author has shown us a Frankfort Jew, arriving at Paris, gaining a rapid fortune in the speculations of the epoch of the Union-Générale, forcing himself upon society, and taking his place at the banquet of Parisian life side by side with the descendants of the Crusaders—Montmorency of Egypt hobnobbing with the Faubourg St. Germain. It is a fact that in modern Paris the Israelites have made room for themselves everywhere—in the press, at the theatre, in art, in letters, in the Academy even—witness the election of M. Ludovic Halévy—in fashion, in high-life. Art, luxury, charity, social power, are in the hands of the sceptical Parisian Israelites, of a young generation who neglect the prescriptions of their religion and waste their substance in company with the Gentiles, while their old mothers, like the old Jewess in "Les Monach," remain in the secret corners of the house muttering Hebrew prayers, fasting assiduously, and lamenting the backsliding of their sons who have racing stables and keep hunting packs. There is nothing to be said against the conquests which the Israelites owe to their activity and intelligence, but it certainly is amusing to see their aping of the aristocracy, their thirst for titles and social honours, their carriages covered with armorial bearings, their silver plate with the pearly crown, their womenkind figuring amongst the fast society women of the epoch, the echoes of their fêtes occupying the first page of the Parisian journals. Legitimists, Orleanists, Bonapartists, Republicans, all seem pale in comparison with the splendour and insolent luxury of the Barons of Judaea. In the forests of Saint Germain and Fontainebleau, still peopled with the memory of the Bourbon monarchs of France, who continue the traditions of the Royal chase? Who form those picturesque cavalcades with gay liveries and loud-throated hounds running to death the stag or the wild boar, with all the pomp and circumstance of the Royal hunt of the time of Louis XIV.? The Barons of Israel—the Hirschs, the Cohens, the Ephrussis!

Another question which is agitating the students in the Latin Quarter is the invasion of the schools, and especially of the medical schools, by foreigners. The French students complain that they are being crowded out by Servians, Wallachians, Russians, Americans, and even English; and they demand that in future no foreigner be admitted to the post of house-surgeon or *interne* in the hospitals—a post which is paid by public money, and therefore ought to be reserved to French citizens. The professors do not share the dissatisfaction of the students; on the contrary, they regard this affluence of foreigners, which has been annually increasing since 1879, as a striking and flattering proof of the increasing glory of the French medical school.

A new opera in five acts, called "Aben Hamet," has been produced with great success at the Théâtre Italien. The libretto is taken from Chateaubriand's novel, "Le Dernier des Abencerrages." The music is by M. Theodore Dubois, Professor of Harmony at the Conservatoire and author of the ballet "La Farandole," produced last December at the Grand Opera. The music is extremely melodious and pleasing, without being dramatic or passionate. The opera, although written by a Frenchman on a French libretto, was sung in Italian, in accordance with certain antiquated notions which ought to have been exploded by this time.

T. O.

The French Chamber of Deputies has passed the Budget in its entirety, with the exception of the Extraordinary Budget.—M. François Coppée was received into the French Academy on the 18th inst. He succeeds Victor Laprade.

Madame De Kolemene's appeal against the divorce decree granted to the Grand Duke of Hesse last July has been rejected by the Imperial Supreme Court at Leipzig.

Prince Bismarck has written a letter to acknowledge the many manifestations of sympathy he has received from all parts of the Empire in reference to the vote of distrust given by the Reichstag.

Judgment was delivered at Leipzig on Monday in the Anarchist trial. Reinsdorf, Rupsch, and Kuechler were sentenced to death, and Holzhauer and Bachmann to ten years' penal servitude.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria, with Princess Marie Valérie, have arrived in the palace at Buda. Their Majesties spend Christmas and New Year's Day there, and remain till about Jan. 10 or 11, when they will go to Vienna. The Crown Prince has visited Pesth, but left on Wednesday to spend Christmas with the Crown Princess.

Mr. Ford, who has been appointed her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid, will be succeeded at Athens by Sir Horace Rumbold, Bart., now her Majesty's Minister and Envoy Extraordinary at Stockholm.

Sir Samuel Rowe, who was in 1881 Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Gold Coast, has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the West African Settlement at Sierra Leone, vice Colonel Sir A. E. Havelock, who proceeds to Trinidad as Governor, vice Sir S. Freeling.

Sir John MacDonald, the Canadian Premier, has received delegates to the number of 2000, deputed from the ninety-two counties of the province of Ontario, in order to express their thanks to Queen Victoria for conferring an honour upon the Premier of Canada on his completion of forty years' public service. Sir John MacDonald, in reply, reviewed the events of the past forty years in Canada.—The Dominion Parliament has been summoned to meet on Jan. 29.

A telegram from Melbourne says it is reported there that the German flag has been hoisted in New Britain, New Ireland, the Admiralty Islands, and on the north coast of New Guinea.—Mr. James F. Garrick, the Agent-General for Queensland, has received a telegram from the colony stating that the Land Bill had passed.

Lord Ripon made his State entry into Bombay on Thursday week. The streets for six miles were decorated, and were thronged with spectators. In replying to seventy-five addresses which were presented to him, Lord Ripon defended the policy he had pursued, and said he was leaving India tranquil, prosperous, loyal, and better guarded against famine than ever before. The degree of Doctor of Laws was afterwards conferred upon him by the Bombay University. The city was illuminated. Next day his Lordship laid the foundation-stone of a new townhall. In reply to an address, he said he was convinced that a grand future awaited municipal institutions in India. At night Bombay was again illuminated, and torchlight processions paraded the streets. On Saturday last Lord Ripon left Bombay to return to England. There was a great native demonstration.

THE HOLBERG FESTIVAL, COPENHAGEN.

The "Jubilee," or more properly the Bicentenary Festival, of the 200th birthday of Ludvig Holberg, the Shakespeare of Denmark, was noticed last week. Our illustrations, drawn by Hans Tegner, the artist of whose admirable designs for the Jubilee Edition of Holberg's Plays we then reproduced two examples, the "Tinker Politician" and the "Bragging Soldier," represent several incidents of the proceedings at Copenhagen, and at the College of Sorø, near that city, an institution endowed by Holberg, who was a learned University Professor as well as a poet and patriot, with the bequest of his private estate. A Norwegian correspondent, Mr. H. L. Brakstad, well known in the literary and political society of the three Scandinavian nations, has supplied us with authentic information concerning Holberg's popularity in that part of Europe, and with the following brief account of the recent festivities in Denmark:—

"On the first day, the 3rd inst., the Jubilee was inaugurated by the performance of a cantata at the University, when the King and many distinguished persons were present. An address was then delivered by Professor E. Holm, on the importance of Holberg to the country in the development of culture and science. The principal event of this day was the performance at the Theatre Royal, the home of Holberg, where the celebrated Holbergian actor, Professor Phister, now seventy-seven years of age, was to make his reappearance in one of his favourite characters. All the Royal family were present, and the house was filled by a brilliant assembly. The curtain rose upon the whole of the members of the theatre, all festively clad, and grouped around a statue of Holberg. This is the moment illustrated by the artist in one of his sketches. A cantata by the popular poet, Holger Drachmann, was the first part of the programme. Professor Phister took part in the recitatives; and his appearance was hailed with a perfect storm of applause. The play of the evening was Holberg's "Den Stundesløse" (The Fidget), in which Professor Phister performed Oldfux in a wonderfully vivacious and spirited style. His wife, who is sixty-eight years old, and is still an active member of the company, played Pernille superbly. The veteran couple received an enthusiastic ovation at the end.

"After the performance, a torchlight procession of students and artists arrived in the large square before the theatre; which place, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, was crowded in every part. The lurid glare of the torches, and the red and blue fires from the top of the theatre, gave a picturesque appearance to the scene. After a speech by the poet, Christian Richardt, the torches were thrown in a heap in the middle of the square, and the people gradually dispersed. Holbergian pieces were also played at the other three theatres of Copenhagen.

"On the second day of the Jubilee the festivities were transferred to the Sorø College, about an hour's railway journey from Copenhagen. A special train brought the King and a number of invited guests to Sorø about noon, when a cantata was performed in the hall of the College. Afterwards, Mr. Blichert, the Rector, delivered an address. Holberg's burial-place, in the old church of Sorø, was visited; and in the evening the scholars of the College gave a performance of Holberg's 'Joan of France.' A torchlight procession and a ball at the College concluded the day's festivities. At Copenhagen the principal event was the performance of Holberg's comedy, 'The Tinker Politician.' On the third evening of the Jubilee, 'The Masquerade' was performed; and on Saturday, the fourth and last of the Holbergian performances took place, when 'Ulysses of Ithaca' was played in excellent style."

Lord Gwydr has been elected High Steward of Ipswich, in the place of Sir Richard Wallace.

Mr. Cremer, jun., issues two kinds of cosagues, one of which commends itself for elegance of design, the other containing table playthings, as an acquisition at this festive season.

The Countess of Ducie and the Hon. Maud A. Stanley have been nominated members of the board of management of the Metropolitan Asylums District.

The steam-ship Faraday has repaired the second Mackay-Bennett cable which was recently laid across the Atlantic, and both cables are now working satisfactorily.

Mr. Charles Douglas Fox distributed last Saturday at the Crystal Palace the certificates gained by the students in the School of Practical Engineering. There was a large attendance.

Mr. David Davies, M.P., has contributed £1000 towards the North Wales Calvinistic Methodist Ministers' Widows and Orphans Fund.

In the matter of Mr. C. Bradlaugh, the Court of Appeal has decided against him on the point of the verdict being against the evidence; and as to the other points, they granted a rule nisi, to be argued after Christmas.

The elegant specimens of Christmas and New-Year cards published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode were wrongly ascribed in a previous Number to Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co., who do not issue Christmas cards.

The Folkestone Town Council have decided to apply to the Local Government Board for a loan of £4500 for the purpose of laying out a recreation-ground, the land for which has been presented to the town by Lord Rudnor.

The exhibitions and prizes won during the past year in the Haberdashers' Hoxton Schools were presented to the successful pupils on Saturday by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The standard of success attained at the schools is high.

Last Saturday evening the match at billiards of 10,000 points up for £100, between W. Mitchell and J. Bennett, which had been in progress at the Westminster Aquarium since the previous Tuesday, was concluded, the result being an easy victory for Mitchell by 1047 points.

Lord Teynham has forwarded £25 in aid of the poor-box at the Mansion House. The Fishmongers' Company have voted £25 to each of the poor-boxes at the Mansion House and Guildhall; and £20 each to those at the Police Courts at Bow-street, Clerkenwell, Greenwich and Woolwich, Lambeth, Marlborough-street, Marylebone, Southwark, Hammersmith and Wandsworth, Thames, Westminster, and Worship-street.

THE CHURCH.

It has been finally decided that the Church Congress for 1885 shall be held at Portsmouth.

Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, intends to resign his see, owing to failing health.

The Rev. Wilfrid Bird Hornby, late of the Oxford and Calcutta Mission, has been appointed by her Majesty Vicar of the new parish of St. Columba, Southwick, Durham.

The chancel windows of Boraston church, Tenbury, have been filled with beautiful stained glass from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co.

At a meeting of the joint Synods of Dublin, Glendalough, and Kildare, on the 18th inst., Lord Plunket, Bishop of Meath, was elected Archbishop of Dublin, in the room of Dr. Trench, who has resigned.

A monument to the officers and men of the 74th Highlanders who fell at Tel-el-Kebir was unveiled in Glasgow Cathedral last Saturday, in presence of the Lord Provost, magistrates, and a large assemblage.

A deputation from the Church Missionary Society waited on Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice at the Foreign Office last week, for the purpose of urging the Government not to relinquish their power of control over the liquor traffic on the Niger, which had been challenged at the Berlin Conference.

At the monthly court of the Sons of the Clergy charity, held on Saturday last at the Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place, Mr. John D. Allcroft, senior treasurer, in the chair, the sum of £1961 was distributed by the governors amongst about 150 persons, the large majority of the applications being from poor clergymen for help towards their ordinary household expenses.

The Bishop of Worcester, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Camperdown, Earl Delawarr, Lord Willoughby De Broke, Lord Ernest Seymour, Lord Sackville, and other influential persons took part in a meeting held last week at Stratford-on-Avon to promote the restoration of the parish church in which Shakespeare was baptised and buried. The cost will be about £12,000, and several donations were promised.

At St. Jude's Church, South Kensington, last week, a testimonial was presented to the Rev. William Smale, Vicar of St. Philip's, from members of the congregation with which he had been connected during the past nine years as Curate to Dr. Forrest. The testimonial took the form of a portrait of Mr. Smale's father, the late Sir John Smale, painted in oils by Mr. Hindley, a member of the St. Jude's choir, and a purse of upwards of £220. The choir of St. Jude's also presented to Mr. Smale a handsome dining-room clock.

It was stated, at a meeting of the general committee for the restoration of St. Michael's Church, Coventry, over which Lord Leigh, Lord Lieutenant of the county, presided, that the conditions of Mr. George Woodcock's offer of £10,000 towards the fund had been fulfilled, the subscriptions promised amounting to £20,243. Lord Leigh, in congratulating the committee, pointed out that the Bishop of Worcester had mentioned £40,000 as the sum which would be required for the completion of the work, so that £10,000 still remained to be raised. He hoped that the rest of the county would follow the example.

The Incorporated Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels held its usual monthly meeting at the society's house last week—Mr. E. Hussey in the chair. Grants of money were made in aid of the following objects:—Building new churches at Fulham, St. Clement's, Middlesex, £200; Hull, St. Philip, £300; and Rhyl, Christ Church, Flintshire, £100. Enlarging or otherwise improving the accommodation in the churches at Pentonville, St. Silas, Middlesex, £20; and Little Waltham, St. Silas, near Chelmsford, £10. A grant was also made from the Special Mission Buildings Fund towards building a mission church at Girton, in the parish of Sandy, Beds, £25. The society likewise accepted the trust of a sum of money as a repair fund for All Saints' Church, Prince's Park, Liverpool. The society now holds upwards of £79,000 on trust as repair fund for 326 different churches. During this year, grants of £6000 have been made towards the erection of twenty-eight new churches (twenty-five of which are entirely free and unappropriated), the rebuilding of ten, and the enlarging or otherwise improving the accommodation in fifty-five existing churches. The committee have granted £595 towards building twenty-eight school or mission churches.

Mr. W. H. Holl, Q.C., has been appointed County Court Judge for Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Lord Lonsborough has been elected President of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society for 1885.

The state apartments of Windsor Castle are open to the public. The apartments will be accessible between eleven and three o'clock on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays until further notice.

The Budget of the Metropolitan Board of Works was explained and adopted at yesterday week's meeting of that body. The rate for the ensuing year will be sevenpence-farthing in the pound, or nearly three farthings more than last year.

Whitaker's Almanac for 1885 is certainly one of the best, the most useful, and the most complete of all similar publications: a more compendious collection of useful information it would be difficult to find in the compass of 470 pages.

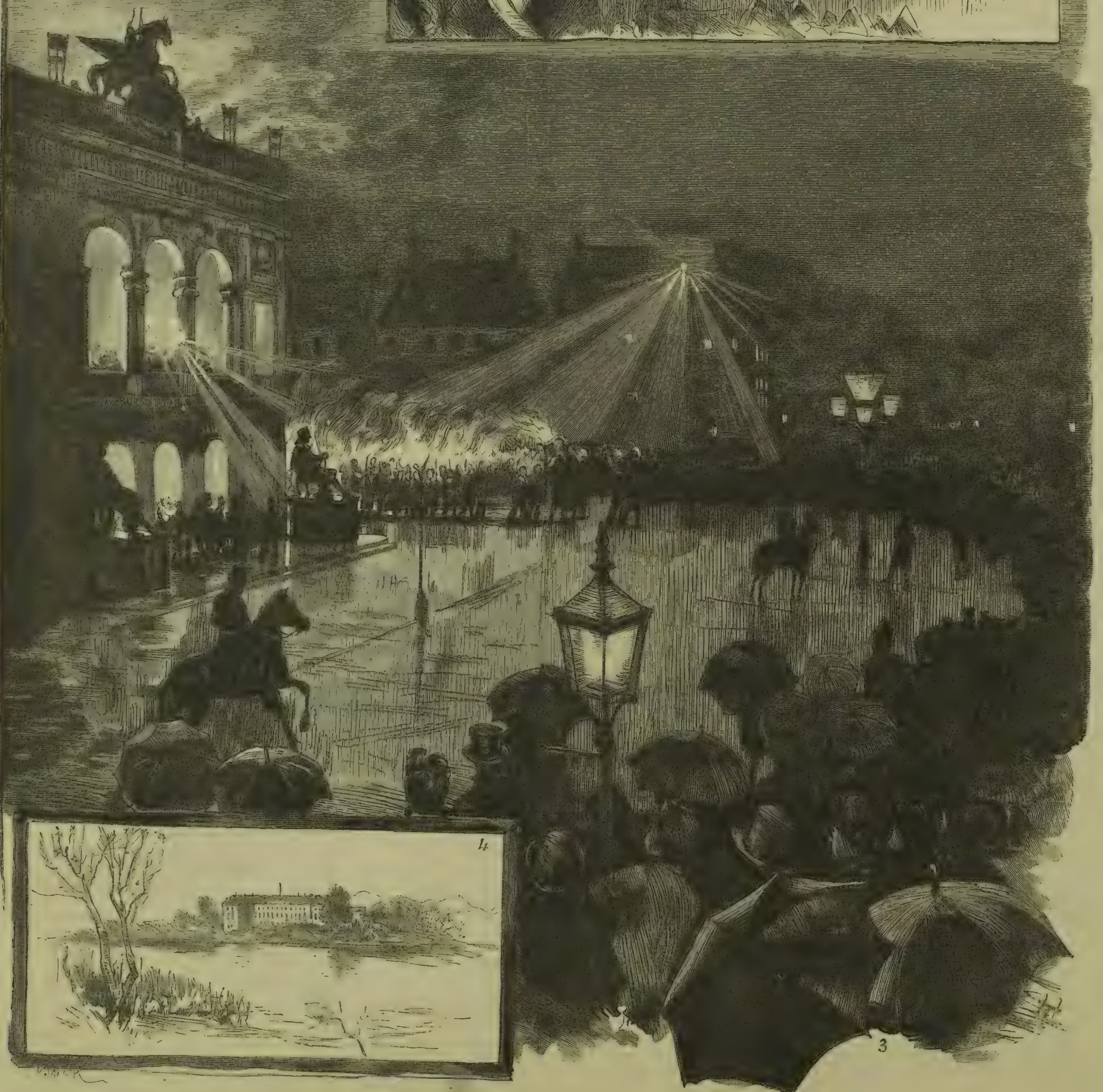
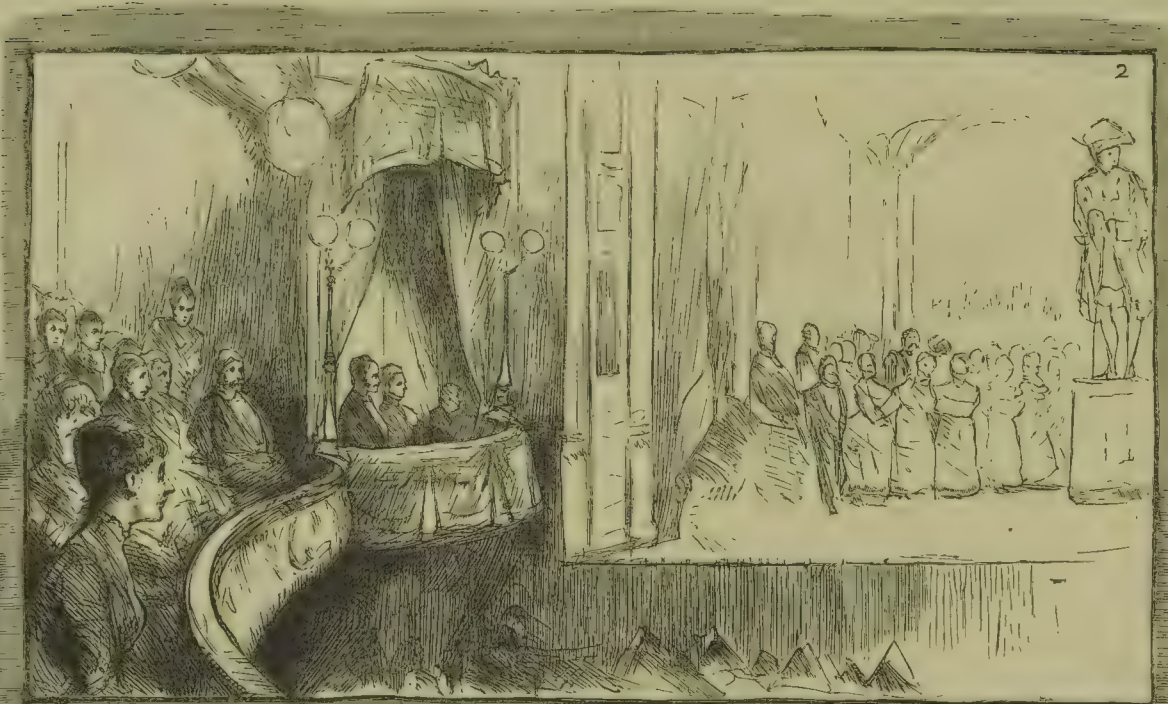
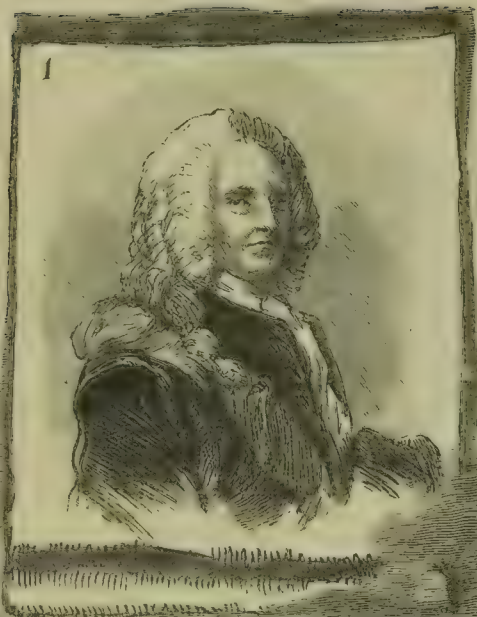
The annual distribution of prizes and certificates to the successful students of the Medical School of Charing-cross Hospital took place yesterday week, in the lecture-hall, the day being the jubilee of the institution.

A German, named Anthony Schaum, about fifty years of age, who had travelled with a hurdy-gurdy for many years, died suddenly on Thursday week at the Golden Fleece, Stamford, and when searched after his death, deposit notes for £248 were found upon him.

Of the total number of works, amounting to 1083, exhibited at the late Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly, 365 pictures found purchasers within the galleries, realising £12,335. The prices of the pictures sold ranged from 5 guineas to 400 guineas.

Mr. W. J. Williams, who is retiring from the position of traffic superintendent of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, which he has occupied for upwards of forty years, has been presented with a cheque for £271, a necklet and diamond locket for Mrs. Williams, and an antique marble chimney clock, as a mark of the respect of the employés.

The Christmas-Day Number of the *Lady's Pictorial* is an excellent sixpennyworth. Besides the customary illustrations and piquant descriptions of fashion, and articles thereon, for which this paper is noted, there are several Christmassy illustrations; and on a separate page of plate-paper, portraits (from photographs) of Madame Marie Roze, Miss Violet Cameron, Miss Ellen Terry, and Miss Mary Anderson. Then there are contributions of various kinds, all agreeable, in verse and prose, by Mrs. Fower O'Donoghue, Miss Anna Kingsford, M.D., Mrs. Hawes, Mrs. Panton, Horace Lennard, Howard Paul, Arthur Pask, and other well-known writers.



1. Portrait of Holberg, from the painting at Sorø College.
3. Torchlight procession, passing the statue of Holberg in front of the Theatre.

2. Interior of the Theatre Royal, on the first evening of the festivities.
4. Sorø College, endowed by Holberg.

THE HOLBERG FESTIVAL AT COPENHAGEN: SKETCHES BY HANS TEGNER.



MASTER TOMMY, AT HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS, GOES IN FOR "THOUGHT-READING."
DRAWN BY HARRY FURNISS.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

Moralising wit and fancy, in all countries and in all ages, have been apt to hit on the device of illustrating human faults and follies by humorous fables of more or less rational society among the beasts and birds. Old Æsop, the Greek reputed author or collector of such tales in the sixth century before Christ, affords the most famous type of this kind of popular fiction among European nations, but the authenticity of the familiar stories bearing his name is extremely doubtful. Shrewd political and social reformers in the free towns of Germany, in the Middle Ages, employed the same literary vehicle for their satire of the vices of tyrannical barons and mercenary prelates; and "Reinecke Fuchs," the history of *Reynard the Fox*, is the most elaborate production of the kind. It was converted by Goethe into modern German verse of first-rate quality and finish; and the artistic genius of Kaulbach supplied a set of drawings, admirable for their power of expressing characters and passions in a variety of animal forms. We are glad to meet these diverting scenes and figures again, accompanied by a prose translation of the work, by Madame De Sanctis, in the volume which Messrs. W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. have published at the present season. The "old story retold" is one that will always be worth telling; the Royal Court of King Noble the Lion, with his cousins Bruin the Bear, and Isgrim the Wolf (likewise beasts of prey), and with the Bull, the Stag, and the Boar, attending on his Majesty; the successive complainants against the absent Reynard (who is supposed to represent the ecclesiastical usurpers of wealth in those times), and the speech of Grimbart the Badger (a lawyer) in his defence, exhibit the finest humour of romantic comedy. The engravings in this publication sufficiently preserve the spirit of the original designs. It is not merely an amusing book for the entertainment of youth, good as it may be for that; but this fable is a sort of key to the politics of the mediæval world, more especially in the ancient Germanic Empire, and is of great historical value.

A work that should be acceptable and interesting to the majority of our countrymen, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, as containing records "descriptive, historical, and pictorial" of our noblest architectural monuments, is published by Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited, being *The Cathedral Churches of England and Wales*. Those of Canterbury, York, Durham, St. Paul's in London, Winchester, Norwich, Lincoln, Lichfield, Hereford, Worcester, Oxford, Salisbury, Ripon, Chichester, St. Albans, Rochester, Bath, Wells, Peterborough, Chester, Ely, Exeter, Gloucester, Bristol, Carlisle, Manchester, Liverpool, Truro, Newcastle, and Southwell, in England; and those of Bangor, St. Asaph, St. David's, and Llandaff, in Wales; also that of St. German's, at Peel, in the Isle of Man, are described by various well-selected contributors, the Rev. Professor Bonney, F.R.S., of St. John's College, Cambridge, being, apparently, the editor of the series. Among the writers are the Deans of Winchester and Chester, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, the Rev. Canon Tristram, of Durham, the Rev. E. Venables, Canon of Lincoln, and members of other Cathedral Chapters. Several Engravings, in some instances ten or twelve, are devoted to each of the most important Cathedrals, and, though not of the highest artistic excellence, serve tolerably well to show the respective characters of those venerable buildings.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. proceed also with the serial monthly issue, and present the further yearly volumes, of their useful historical and other works, noticed by us on some former occasions. The most important of these is the *Illustrated Universal History*, to be completed in four volumes, containing respectively the main divisions, "Early and Greek History," "Roman History," "The Middle Ages," and "Modern History." The author of the whole, Mr. Edmund Ollier, who had previously written for Messrs. Cassell the "History of the United States of America," and that of the War between France and Germany, has remarkable skill in selecting and combining his materials, which he draws from the standard historians of each subject, giving the most accurate views obtained by literary and antiquarian investigation. He contrives to preserve the even current of his narrative, and to harmonise so many diverse portions of the world's history in just relation to the general progress of mankind, and he writes in a pure and agreeable style. The third volume, devoted to Mediæval History, begins with the Fall of the Western Roman Empire, and ends with the close of the fifteenth century, so that the Modern History will probably start with the Reformation. It need scarcely be said that the contents of the present volume are very interesting, and that picturesque scenes and romantic figures abound in the subjects of the numerous illustrations, which include also many good views of old towns, castles, and notable places in Europe and Asia.

The second volume of *Greater London*, by Mr. Edward Walford (Cassell and Co.), completes that pleasant and useful work, in which the publishers have provided an excellent companion or supplement to their six volumes of "Old and New London," mostly by the same author. Mr. Walford's attainments as a local antiquary, and as an effective writer, are well attested by his former performances in this kind of literature; and he is quite at home in collecting and relating the variety of anecdotes, topographical, biographical, and social, connected with the outer suburbs of London and the surrounding towns and villages. The places descriptively and historically dealt with in this volume include Woolwich, Plumstead, Erith, Bexley, the Crays, Chislehurst, Bromley, Hayes and Keston, and Farnborough, in Kent; Croydon, with its neighbouring villages and hamlets, Epsom, Thames Ditton, Esher and Claremont, Kingston, Richmond, Kew, Barnes, Wimbledon, Merton, Mitcham, and Tooting, and many intermingled localities in Surrey. The engravings represent scenes and objects which are interesting to every Londoner, and some of which have associations worthy of remembrance in the history of past times.

The author of "The Romance of War," Mr. James Grant, of Edinburgh, has compiled for Messrs. Cassell a volume of military and naval transactions, from 1875 to 1884, entitled *Recent British Battles on Land and Sea*, illustrated by a multitude of engravings. They include those of the Kaffir War and Basuto War between 1877 and 1881, the two Afghan Wars of that period, the Zulu War, the campaign against Sekukuni, the Transvaal War, the Egyptian War, with the bombardment of Alexandria, and the War in the Soudan, so far as concerns the campaign against Osman Digna on the Red Sea coast, besides a few small affairs on the frontiers of British dominions in other parts of Asia and Africa. Considering that these warlike operations, altogether, within nine years, cost the nation between thirty and forty millions sterling, though it may be questioned whether, on the whole, they yielded much substantial advantage to England or to the British Empire, or greatly enhanced our martial glory, it was worth while to record them in a book. We should be happy to believe that, after the termination of Lord Wolseley's Expedition up the Nile, which is likely to cost ten millions more, the next equal period of time would be comparatively deficient in materials for another volume of this kind; but it is not the compiler's fault, or that of the publishers, and they seem to have executed the task in a correct and creditable manner.

The pleasant narrative of a home tourist, *An Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall*, by Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock) author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," was noticed by us some weeks ago, as part of the contents of Messrs. Macmillan's *English Illustrated Magazine*. It reappears, with the beautiful landscape or seacoast views drawn by Mr. C. Napier Hemy, in a separate volume handsomely printed on fine paper, and makes a very acceptable book for the season. We can also recommend, as gift-books to young persons, *Nature's Serial Story*, by E. P. Roe (Sampson Low and Co.); a series of family conversations on the wonders and beauties of nature as studied in New England rural life, with very fine engravings designed by W. Hamilton Gibson and F. Dielman; *Natural History for Young Folk* (T. Nelson and Sons), by Mrs. C. C. Campbell, with numerous pictures of beasts and birds by Giacomelli; *O'er Many Lands on Many Seas*, by Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N. (Cassell and Co.), and *Children of all Nations* (Cassell), describing their homes, schools, and playgrounds, likewise abundantly illustrated; *Christmas-Tree Land* (Macmillan), by Mrs. Molesworth, a delightful writer; *Other Lives than Ours*, by Mrs. Stanley Leathes (J. F. Shaw and Co.); *The Old-fashioned Fairy-Book*, by Mrs. Burton Harrison (Sampson Low); and *More Old Wives' Fables*, by M. Edouard Laboulaye (G. Routledge and Sons). The yearly volumes of the popular magazines form substantial annuals, which may be purchased at this time with much satisfaction to readers not yet possessed of the serial issue.

OBITUARY.

THE MARQUIS OF CHOLMONDELEY.

The Most Hon. William Henry Hugh, third Marquis of



Cholmondeley, and Earl of Rocksavage in the United Kingdom, sixth Earl of Cholmondeley and Viscount Malpas in England, Baron Newburgh in Great Britain, and Viscount Cholmondeley of Kells in Ireland, Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain, died on the 16th inst., at Houghton Hall, Norfolk. He was born Aug. 31, 1800, the second son of George James, first Marquis of Cholmondeley, K.G., by Georgiana Charlotte, his wife, second daughter of Peregrine, third Duke of Ancaster. Through this alliance the Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlainship came to the Cholmondeleys. The nobleman whose decease we record was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford, and, when Lord Henry Cholmondeley, sat for Castle Rising in the House of Commons from 1822 to 1832, and for South Hants from 1852 to 1857. He succeeded to the family honours at the death of his elder brother, George Horatio, second Marquis, May 8, 1870. He married, Feb. 28, 1825, Marcia Emma Georgiana, daughter of the Right Hon. Charles Arbutnot, and by her (who died Nov. 3, 1878) had two sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Charles George, born July 9, 1829, died in 1869, before his father's accession to the Peerage, leaving by Susan Caroline, his wife, daughter of Sir George Dashwood, Bart., four daughters and one son, George Henry Hugh, Earl of Rocksavage, now fourth Marquis of Cholmondeley, born July 3, 1858, and married, July 16, 1879, to Winifred Ida, daughter of Colonel and Lady Emily Kingscote.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Searles Wood, the eminent geologist.

Mr. W. Coningham, at one time M.P. for Brighton, at his residence in Sussex-square, Brighton, on the 20th inst.

Vice-Admiral George Butler Clark Mends, last surviving son of the late Commodore Sir Robert Mends, on the 13th inst., aged seventy-six.

Miss Baxter, of Ellangowan, who founded Dundee University College, which is affiliated to St. Andrew's, on the 19th inst., aged eighty-four. Her benefactions are estimated at upwards of a quarter of a million sterling.

The Venerable Archdeacon Jacobs, on the 20th inst., at Winchester, in his eighty-second year. He was ordained in 1827, and had been a Canon of Winchester for fifty years, and an Archdeacon for twenty-four.

Mr. Thomas Joseph Bradshaw, Judge of the County Court of Northumberland, J.P., on the 17th inst., aged sixty. He married, first, the Hon. Frances Devereux; and secondly, Emily, only child of Colonel Frederick Halkett.

Major-General Charles Shuckburgh Hearn, C.I.E., late Inspector-General of Police, Madras, on the 12th inst., at West Brighton, in his fifty-sixth year—a distinguished Indian officer, medal with clasp for the Burmese War, and the Medjidieh for services as Assistant Adjutant-General at Headquarters of Turkish Contingent, 1855-6.

It has been ascertained that the force of the explosion at London Bridge was greater than had been supposed, though by no means sufficient to occasion any serious injury to the bridge. The Common Council have offered a reward of £5000 for the discovery of the perpetrator of the outrage.

The School Board for London at their last sitting discussed at considerable length the question of technical education, with the result that several recommendations which the Special Committee had drawn up were agreed to. There was also a long debate in reference to the resignation of Mr. Robson, the architect, and the appointment of his successor. Ultimately, the Board decided that Mr. T. J. Bailey, who has been the assistant architect, should be elected to the vacancy, and that Mr. Robson be employed to finish the schools he had already commenced. The Board adjourned till Jan. 15th.

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THE COURT.

The Queen enjoys good health at Osborne, walking and driving almost daily. Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service at Osborne on Sunday morning. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Lord and Lady Dudley at Witley Court terminated last Saturday, when their Royal Highnesses, on passing through the city of Worcester, received an enthusiastic welcome. Addresses were presented by the Corporation and the Freemasons, and to these the Prince replied. Worcester was brilliantly illuminated on Saturday night. The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at Marlborough House in the afternoon. On Sunday their Royal Highnesses and Prince Albert Victor and Prince George were present at Divine service.

"THE STRANGER WITHIN THY GATE."

Some doubt may be raised of the special propriety and significance of this title, which has been given, by an Artist whose works are welcome at most Exhibitions, to the drawing that we have engraved. It is in the Exhibition of Drawings in Black and White, at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King-street, St. James's. The "stranger" can be no other than the shy little kitten; and the hospitable charity of the two pretty children, not belied, we are happy to observe, by the discreet attitude of their favourite dog, has been exercised in placing a saucer of milk on the lower step at their feet. It is a gracious act on the part of these little girls, who have further meant to show their kindness to the small creature by adorning its neck with a piece of muslin, betokening its adoption into the household, where it has probably strayed in from a neighbouring habitation. Kittens and babies should always be good friends; they seem created to amuse each other; and one feels, in watching them together, as Wordsworth says:—

Such a light of gladness breaks,
Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,
Spreads with such a living grace
O'er my little Laura's face
Yes, the sight so stirs and charms
The baby laughing in my arms,
That almost I could repine
That your transports are not mine.
I would have my careless season,
Spite of melancholy reason;
Pleased by any random toy,
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy,
Now and then I might possess
Hours of perfect gladness.

THOUGHT-READING TOMMY.

The romantic old ballad story in the Scottish "Border Minstrelsy" relates how the Fairy Lady, dressed in green, riding on a white palfrey, who met "True Thomas" loitering by the haunted stream in the woods below the Eildon Hill, bestowed on him the gift of a tongue which could "never lie." As this endowment, combined with a superhuman faculty of knowing the secret intentions and future destinies of other people, would be fatal to his acceptance in the society of courtiers, Thomas rather demurred, at first, to possessing such a dangerous talent. But "Master Tommy," just come home from school for the Christmas holidays, and let loose to make whatever sportive disturbance he pleases among his family and their friends, has no fear or scruple in availing himself of the fashionable acquirement of "Thought-reading," which many persons in London society patronised as a psychological experiment when certain professors of the art or science obtained some degree of notoriety in the last season. Tommy, as our Comic Artist has depicted him, is a terrible boy, with a reckless disregard of polite conventionalities, and indeed of the personal feelings of his elders, that could only be excused by his acting under supernatural compulsion, like the ancient rhymist of Ercildoune. The world could not live at all comfortably, in its present accustomed habits, if everybody's inmost mind were exposed, as in the "Palace of Truth," to involuntary revelations of every thought and sentiment; and few of us would like to have a desperate young villain going about in the drawing-room, with a mischievous power and determined purpose of loudly proclaiming all that lies in our hearts. We trust that it will never really come to this, and we should vote for putting Master Tommy in solitary confinement, or even terminating his mortal existence as one "too clever to live," if he could do what he pretends to do, and were disposed to use his faculty of thought-reading without mercy and discretion. The embarrassment of the modest gentleman who is manifestly intent on making himself agreeable to Miss Amy, and who may innocently, we should say most naturally, entertain the wish that is ascribed to him—and still worse, the painful shock to the proper feelings of that young lady herself, though she is perhaps quite aware that the accusation is true—provoke our just indignation against this rude boy, who ought to get a sound thrashing next day, but will be pardoned because he is her brother. There is a cruel heartlessness also in his treatment of the gouty old man who loves port-wine "not wisely, but too well," and of that respectable elderly spinster, Aunt Towzer, whose supplemental hair, worn beneath a suitable cap for the sake of becoming appearance, not for deception, is entitled to respect on account of her age and sex. The outrages perpetrated by Master Tommy in these instances merit the severest form of disapproval; but his tricks in the kitchen and the larder, and the dexterity with which he plays a fair wager against Wag Williams on the hiding and finding of a pin in a tree near the house, may be tolerated in the general liberty of Christmas frolics. It is rather sharp practice, to be sure, when he runs off with the £5 bank-note which his uncle has permitted him to handle, blindfold as he is, for the trial of his skill in discovering its number; but the uncle, who is rich and excessively good-natured, seems to have meant to give Tommy the money, and does not look at all displeased at its being taken in that peremptory manner. On the whole, most of our readers will probably agree in the opinion that a juvenile thought-reader of this lively and audacious temperament is a considerable nuisance to a well-regulated family and to a sociable Christmas party.

Mr. Gladstone, with Mrs. Gladstone, Mr. W. H. Gladstone, M.P., Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., Mr. Henry Gladstone, Miss Mary and Miss Helen Gladstone, and Mr. W. Gladstone (of Liverpool), attended Divine service at the parish church, Hawarden, on Sunday. There was a large congregation, and the Premier read both Lessons.

Through the generosity of one of their members, the Metropolitan Public Garden, Boulevard, and Playground Association are about to plant twenty plane-trees in the Mile-end-road, and have offered the local Vestry the gift of £100 to be spent in a like manner, provided they agree to expend an equal amount on the same object. A like sum of money, on similar conditions, has been offered by the Association to each of the Vestries of St. George's-in-the-East, Lambeth, and St. Pancras.



"THE STRANGER WITHIN THY GATES."

BY F. R. NODD, A.R.A.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s Christmas Number of their "Musical Magazine" will be widely welcome for the purposes of the dance. It offers a bountiful return for the small price (one shilling), containing ten pieces in the various forms of waltz, polka, galop, and quadrille, by more or less well-known composers, English and foreign; one number, "Fountainbleau Waltz," being by the Duke of Albany. Other compositions of a similar kind issued by Messrs. Chappell are:—"Mon Amour," "Fahrwohl," and "Toi Seule," waltzes respectively by P. Bucalossi, Caroline Lowthian, and Luke Wheeler; "Old London Lancers" Quadrille, on national tunes, by C. Coote; "P. and O. Polka," by P. Bucalossi; "Le Zephyr," by G. Delbrück; "Sea Breeze," by Luke Wheeler; and "Black and Tan," by Caroline Lowthian; all these being polkas.

Messrs. Chappell's vocal publications comprise many agreeable songs which will be found pleasing in effect and free from executive difficulty. Among them are:—"Safe There to Rest" (a love-song), by A. Randegger; "Mother," "Bid Me Good-bye," and "At Vespers," all by F. P. Tosti; "Twin Souls," "The By-gone Time," "Where Memory Dwells," and "My Trust," all by I. De Lara; "Farewell, Yet Not Farewell," by Caroline Lowthian; and "O, Kipling Tide," by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff. Some effective pianoforte pieces are also from Messrs. Chappell. Among them are:—"A Hunting-Scene," by P. Bucalossi; "Au Coin du Feu" and "Berceuse," by G. Delbrück; "Summer Waves" and a transcription of the minuet from "Don Giovanni," by J. De Sivrai.

"Chappell's Eighteen Songs," arranged for the banjo, by J. Daniels, is from the same firm, and is worth the attention of those who are interested in that instrument.

"Breathing" is the title of a pamphlet by Mrs. M. A. Carlisle (published by Chappell and Co.), the five chapters of which contain much useful advice on a subject that many might think not to need it, but that is nevertheless, very susceptible thereof. Not only in speaking and singing, but even in silence, there is a wrong as well as a right way of breathing, and Mrs. Carlisle's little treatise points this out very clearly.

"Daybreak" is the title of a graceful serenade, by J. Barnby, published by Messrs. Metzler, who also issue an expressive song, "Lessons Sweet of Spring Returning," by Maria E. H. Stisted; "Three Drawing-room Pieces for Pianoforte," pleasing movements of different character,

composed by J. Hoffmann; "Ball Scenes," spirited pieces in various dance forms, by the same; and "In the Ranks," a set of bright quadrilles, by H. Sprake, musical director at the Adelphi Theatre, where the drama so named is having such a successful run.

J. B. Cramer's "Dance Album" (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.) will be acceptable in many quarters during the present festive season. This neatly printed publication offers, at the price of one shilling, nine pieces of dance music, in various forms, by different composers, the closing number being a "Children's Singing Quadrille," including juvenile verses set for young voices.

"A Red Rose," an expressive song by H. Saxe, and "One Night Came on a Hurricane," a robust sea song, by R. Betterton, are both published by Messrs. Roosey and Co., from whom we have also some bright waltzes for the pianoforte—"Going to Market" (introducing L. Diehl's popular song), by C. Godfrey; "True Hearts," by C. Mirel; and "A Maid of Kent," by Caroline Lowthian.

"Sonate Romantique pour le Pianoforte, par E. Woycke," is the second work of the kind by the same composer. It consists of three principal movements—"Allegro Moderato," "Andantino" (an "Intermezzo"), and "Leggiero quasi Presto" preceded by a short "Adagio." In each division there is much effective writing, including both brilliant and expressive passages, and offering excellent practice in both respects. The sonata is published by Mr. Jeffereys, of Berners-street.

"Wait," and "Meeting," are the titles of two songs by that popular, and apparently inexhaustible, composer of vocal music, Franz Abt. Each is characterised by a flowing melody of a very expressive kind. They are published by Mr. F. Pitman, as are the following pleasing songs:—"The best of friends must part sometime" and "My love has set sail," both by Placide Malva; "Tween Decks," a nautical ditty, words and music by G. Webber; and "Love and the Locksmith," a quaint song by G. Asch. Mr. Pitman also issues the following pianoforte pieces:—"O dear! what can the matter be," an effective fantasia, based on the well-known Scottish melody; and some bright dance music, "Snowstorm," galop, by P. Malva; "On the Thames," polka, by L. Gautier; and "The Highland Fling," quadrilles on popular Scotch melodies, arranged by R. Rogier, all of which may prove serviceable during the Christmas season.

"Five Two-Part Songs," by E. Dammreuther (Novello, Ewer, and Co.), are settings, by an eminent pianist, of lines from Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and William Morris. Two are for soprano and tenor, one for mezzo-soprano and

baritone, one for soprano and alto, and one for soprano and bass. Each is distinguished by marked individuality in the distinct reflection of the sentiment of the text, and all are well written for the display of the voices in alternation and combination.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

FAITHFUL AND TRUE.

Of course Mabel knew that her lover was brave as a lion. He had told her so himself, though of course not in so many words; and, for that matter, a British soldier is always brave. Besides, he had been through so many perils by sea and land that, what with tigers, Turks, and cannibals, his nerves must long ago have turned to steel. And yet, so inconsistent can a young woman be, she did not think he would have ventured alone, in this desperate wise, into Parson Pengold's sheepfold—no; not even at her bidding. She had an impulse to throw open the window, leap out, and run away—alone. For what, after all, could come of it? What had Mr. Vernon meant by bidding her summon him unless he was to be by? Ah—but perhaps he would be by: perhaps he had been watching for this visit, and would presently appear upon the scene. Perhaps—how had she not thought of it before?—perhaps he was Caleb's great and powerful enemy, who was about to pardon him for her sake, in some dramatic fashion of his own. But, in any case—"Faithful and True."

The door, which the all-too-knowing maid had closed, opened: Mabel shrank deeper into the window, instead of coming forward to her lover's arms. But it was not Captain Quickset, this man who stood just within her threshold, with the light from the window full upon him. She was too petrified with bewilderment to give the faintest of cries. It was Francis Carew.

Or his ghost: for even in that moment of bewilderment she could see he had changed. Or, rather, she felt it, as a woman like her feels everything all at once, from a change of heart to a new fashion of a shoe-string. Only, changed or not, it was Francis Carew.

"Mabel," said he. Yes—it was his living voice, speaking her name.

Her agitation might mean anything, from terror to excess

of joy. Nor was he the man to observe the finer shades: it was one thing at a time with him.

"I have done what you bade me," said he—as if she had yesterday bidden him to ride over to Barnstable for a pair of gloves. "I have been a long time over it. But it is done."

How he had once dreamed of this meeting—when the rope of sand should have been fairly woven, and when he should come back for his reward. He had pictured it as taking place in this very room, where so many wonderful things had happened: and, for once, imagination had not cheated him. It was here. But, for the rest, it might have been anywhere. Where was the joyful welcome on her part—and, alas! where was the triumph in his own? There was still the distance of the room between them—and more. All else was unchanged—not a chair had moved from its place: there hung the outlandish weapons on the walls: there hung the ivory crucifix over a bowl of flowers that might not have faded for ages, so like the old they were. It should have been like coming home. But the Queen of all these things! He looked at her with all his eyes. But something seemed to have gone out of her—or else out of him.

"I—I am so glad"—she began to stammer—

"Ah! Then what am I?" Only, nobody would have taken them to be overwhelmed with gladness unless he believed his ears rather than his eyes. "It has been a long errand, and a hard. There was a time when I thought it would never be done—that I should never see those flowers there, and the old black Steeple, and—and you, again. . . . And—and I'm not so sure that you'll be so glad to know the end of it all, now that you know—or will know when I've told you. I have learned strange things indeed. But you must not look so frightened: it is good news, too."

What was this ghost of a vanished man talking of? For, what with one thing and another, the nature of the rope she had given him to weave had faded out of her mind. But, as it came back, and as she saw how browned, and gaunt, and grave, and aged, he had grown, a haze of remorse came over

her. What had come of her whim—or rather of her treachery? For now and then, by stray flashes, our works will show themselves in their true colours, even to ourselves.

"I won't touch your hand," said he, "till I know if you will take mine. It is a long story I have to tell: but, short or long, it comes to the same end—and there'll have to be all sorts of trouble yet: and I'm afraid lawyers' work, may be. Not that there ought to be much more, by rights, for I've got all the proofs as clear as day. I got on the track in the West Indies: but I've been a month in England clearing up no end of things. I wouldn't come to you with one thing left dark: and I got to Barnstable late last night, and here I am: slow as I've been, I haven't lost a moment—I haven't yet been to Hornacombe. Are you ready for me to tell you my—your story now? Though, on my word, I scarce know how to begin; for all that it's so clear."

He seemed to be speaking very coldly and wearily, she thought, remembering, as she did now, his ardour when his errand was new. Her interest in her own history, such as it was, grew dull. The troublesome country Squire had changed indeed. And it came over her, even then, that she had lost her power. True, she had never prized it when she had it: his very slavery to it had made her scorn him while deluding him: but it was not good to find it gone.

"And you mean to say that—that you have been wandering over the world, and—and Heaven knows what else—and all for me, who—oh, a story that has waited all these years will wait an hour—what can I say to you?"

"Only, dear Mabel, what you will, and what you can. Nothing, if you please. You must think of that, when you know all. It was in the West Indies," he began, attacking the middle of things at once: for, though he had learned many things, how to tell a story was not among them. "We were hiding in a forest from the blacks, who were worse than savages—hiding for our lives."

He did not mean it for a rebuke: but she took it for one. She was beginning to understand what playing with fire

means: how she had mistaken loyalty for stupidity, and had risked costing a brave man his life for something much worse than a whim. Caleb would never have said "hiding for our lives." "Fighting for them" would have been his word. And yet— But Francis was getting under way again.

"By we, I mean myself, and a French doctor and his wife, whom I had visited for news: and—a girl, and—a man. I shall never get to an end if I stop to tell you who they were, and all. But that man—he was a brave man: he had risked his life to save me from being hanged by the blacks!"

"Hanged! Oh, how will you ever forgive me for what I have done!"

"Forgive you? What for? But about this man—the Doctor had taken him for a madman, and I for some kind of a fool. But he was shot by an arrow, poisoned most like: and when he came to, he was as sane as you or I. When I left the Doctor safe in London—thank God, for they're good people, he and his wife, though French and queer—he was beginning to write a big book on the balance of mind and matter: he explained his idea to me, and it's hard to grasp, but it seems to mean that we can't have our proper senses without a lot of sorrow, and sickness, and pain. Anyhow, this man, as I said, was as sane when he came to as I or you. And a strange story he had to tell. It was so strange I couldn't make head or tail of it, much less swallow it, all at once: but I've been to a London lawyer, and it's true up to the hilt, every word—all but one step, and that's easy made. Yes: Cowcumber Jack is heir to all the land in the parish—all but Hornacombe, which is mine. He's the son and heir of Sir Miles Heron himself, as sure as I stand here."

What had all this to do with her? In truth, she did not care over much how it concerned her, considering all her troubles—troubles so confusedly overwhelming that it would take a dozen pages to count them over. But, though anxious to reach the end of the story, if only that she might gain a moment for thinking, she could not hurry a man who had been nearly hanged by savages for her sake, and who was annihilating her with every sort of shame. No wonder he, for his part, failed to entirely recognise the proud beauty who had sent him on a labour of Hercules as the condition of seeing her again. So—"Cowcumber Jack!" she exclaimed: "That horrible poacher who murdered!"

"For God's sake, don't say that, Mabel! Don't call him hard names. He must not have them from you. I always stood up for his innocence against the world: and I was right, and all the world was wrong. He was no murderer. But he had seen murder done—seen it while he was waiting for you and me: and that turned his brain, I believe—for a time: only for a time. I always knew it: and that was why I carried him out of the hangman's jaws—what else could I do? And it was well he did: for he repaid me twenty times. Nance Derrick herself thought as you did, till she heard him tell the tale. And now—"

"Nance Derrick?"

"Yes. Didn't I say she was in the forest, too. She was Madame Carrel's maid—God bless her: I mean Madame Carrel."

"No. You said nothing of Nance Derrick—not a word."

Their eyes met: there must have been something in his way of saying "Nance," or, still more, in not having named her till her name came without any special need, as if it had waited to be spoken too long, that suggested another kind of tale. But his eyes met hers without falling. It was hers that fell.

"Yes," said he, pursuing the subject as if not the investigation of Mabel Openshaw's birth, but the vindication of a vagabond's innocence, had been his whole mission. "He was there in the wood when poor Phil and a smuggling villain named Trestrail—would I had known it when I first met him!—came to words about—well, poor Phil was but a Stoke Juliot man—about shares in a venture: and about—about Nance, too. There's no doubt about who did the deed, nor about why: Nance saw it all, at the first word. In short, it was the old story—woman; and gold. Ah, Mabel: we, who think we know our neighbours, in this quiet place, and all the best and all the worst of them, through and through, just know nothing at all. I have seen the world now; and, by Heaven, if I live, I will live here, and not rest till the woods are turned into fields and every grain of sand washed clean. And now for the end. Mabel!"

He was changed indeed! He had become a man; but it was at a big cost. It was not only that he had said no word of love. It was that she felt the love had died. Dead—and after all that he had been through for the sake of that dead thing! She had never wanted it: she had scorned it: she had driven it away. But—she sighed. And "Faithful and True," indeed! Where were faith and truth if they had left the heart of Francis Carew? Ah, but whose fault was it they had flown, even from there?

How could she fail to be touched to the very inmost heart by his service? Whether he had found her to be Princess or Peasant, what was it to her now? What right had she to care? If Caleb had never come in the way, it was in her to have said, "Tell me nothing: here is my hand, if that will make you any amends." And she could have put her heart into her hand, now, and given both together. But alas—there was Caleb: if, indeed, there was not somebody besides.

Too late, and Might have been. That was the tune now, instead of Faithful and True.

"Mabel!"

"Ah! He has come." It was a stranger to Francis who entered unannounced, and with no ceremony beyond the courtesy proper even to a man who is completely at home. "That is good: that is as it should be. It was my test—to see if he would come. Mabel, my child, will you not introduce me to one whom— But it is no occasion for compliments, Sir," he said to Francis, who stood vexed and awkward. But not more so than a lover might be whose love passage had been broken: and there was unmistakable approval in the old gentleman's eyes as he held out his hand. "Our introduction must be our common interest in Miss Mabel here. I, of course, am the Mr. Vernon of whom you have doubtless heard, whose mission is to make the course of true love run smooth. You, Sir, are, I hear, in some trouble: but I do not judge, from your face, it is anything of which a gentleman need be ashamed. I assure you that your aspect—pardon me—is a relief to my mind. Meanwhile, it is singular that I do not yet know your name."

Francis could only stare at him hard, and then ask Mabel, "Who on earth is this?" with his eyes.

"I have not heard of Mr. Vernon," said he. "And why you assume I have any special interest in Miss Openshaw, or what it concerns you if I had, I cannot tell. But you seem to wish her well: for which I thank you. As to my name, that is at any man's demand. Francis Carew."

"Ay—and the name of as good a fellow—Francis, my dear, dear lad," thundered the Parson, "I'd have given my best litter, ay, and twenty best of them, to see this day and thee—and it's come! You've broken jail? Ay—a Stoke Juliot lad's a slippery eel to hold: and we know craft—ch?—that'll puzzle any frigate of them all. . . . Tamzin—no, I forgot—Biddy—a gallon of ale!"

Francis was a strong man: but a grasp of the Parson's fist would have made Samson groan. This was true welcome, with heart in it—for all its uncouthness it made the tears start from his heart and wellnigh mount to his eyes. The barrier between him and Mabel had turned to harder ice—his work, though he had won through it, had failed. There was nobody waiting for him but a housekeeper with whom he was resolved upon a parting quarrel, and a big black rock, and a house without a home. He had neither kin nor friend. He had been through so much, and had come back to find so little. If it had not been for Parson Pengold, he would have borne all the coldness and the strangeness: but—he turned away, and one sob would come.

"Never mind old Pigtail—Vernon, I mean," cried the Parson. "Stand up, and let me see thee, after frogs and verjuice for all this while—ah, you look as if beef was the physic you wanted—Biddy! Roast those ribs this very minute: and let Sunday shift for itself as it may. How did you get away from the Frenchmen? I hope you didn't show them nothing but your heels?"

"Why—how do you know I've been among the French?" asked Francis. "I have, though, sure enough: and it's sheer luck, if luck it be, that I'm not there now. But they got sick of slaughtering: their new black general took to transporting all the whites he caught—as if anybody with a white skin would want to stay. And"—he caught a look from Mabel that reminded him of his promised silence. "That's about all, you see."

"All? Do you mean they've set up a black general? No, my lad: I don't see. But all in good time. The thing of things is, here you are. And now, Mr. Vernon," he said, with an air of solemn triumph, "I have the pleasure—I will say the honour—to bid you, as a friend of the bride, to a marriage I propose to celebrate this day three weeks, between Francis Carew, of Hornacombe, Bachelor, and Mabel Openshaw, Spinster, both of this parish. And if anybody knows any just cause or impediment, let him hold his tongue. For none there is: and if there were, down it should go."

He threw the look of defiance, inspired by his triumph over Old Pigtail, round the room. Mr. Vernon took full time to answer it: he waited until he saw that Francis was on the point of speaking, and then intervened.

"This is a family council," said he. "And, in such cases, truth before courtesy—yes, truth before all," he added, with a special glance at Parson Pengold. "And if my landlord, Mr. Carew, is the man he looks like, he will agree with me. It will be my duty to forbid the bans. Mabel, come here, and stand by me, while I stand by you."

"And, Francis," cried the Parson, "come you here, and stand up for yourself. Sir, I don't know who you are: but this I do know, that whatever are your concerns, you had best keep to them. I am the Parson of this Parish, and the Master of this House: and—but that's naught to you or any man. Mr. Carew, will you take this girl to wife: Ay or No?"

"If she will have me—Ay," said Francis. "But!"

"If" and "But"! Is that like a lover?" roared the Parson, lashing himself into storm. "You've said Ay—that's enough for any man. Mabel, there stands your promised husband. Will you take him—Yea or Nay?"

How the heart of Francis would once have trembled at what her answer would be! And, truth to tell, it trembled now. But even Ovid might have told the Parson that a Maiden's yea or nay does not so lightly come, even when there are fewer than three pairs of ears to hear.

"Wait," said Mr. Vernon. He did not lose a whit of temper. The Parson's wrath no more beat him down than a winter storm matters to Oxhorn. "My child, is it true that you have given your heart to another man? Come, speak without fear. 'Faithful and true.'"

How would she have answered it if she had been alone? But how could she deny Caleb with the eyes of her whole world upon her—after she had bidden him come to claim her? She could not whisper a "No," even to her own heart, for very pride and shame. There was nothing for it but, if not truth, then courage.

"Yes," said she: but loud enough to be heard. "There," said Mr. Vernon. "Mr. Carew—you are a gentleman: I need say no more—except that 'There are more women in the world than one'—"

"And one's too many!" broke in Parson Pengold. "Given her heart—given her fiddlestick, she means. I know the scamp she means: the feather-bed soldier to whom I gave a kicking a week ago. I give Mabel to him! I'd sooner give my best pig to a Stoke Juliot farmer:—Francis—I've the ill-luck to be a parson. Oblige me by showing this impertinent old meddler the door. He's some instrument of that Cockney scamp, though what he's got to gain by it, Heaven knows. Mr. Vernon, if that's your name, what business have you to be putting your nose into Mabel Openshaw's business—and mine?"

"If you ask for a warrant," said Old Pigtail, with an exasperating smile, "the help of true love is warrant enough for any man: but—well, I happen to be more to this young lady than any other man living—at least, yet awhile. I happen to be her Father, Sir."

"Her father!" thundered the Parson, fairly carried away with indignant scorn. "Because you have flirted with her in your fatherly way, for a few months or so? Mabel—leave that fellow's side, and come here. Great Heaven! As if you were not my daughter—mine, a million times. I've seen how that stranger there has been coming over you with his soft ways—Heaven knows why—and—and—it's been a misery to me: and I haven't said it, because I didn't know how. But I know now! Who took you, when you were a little baby, from the sea? Who kept you from death, and has done his best to keep you from sorrow and ill? Who got to care for you till he felt there was something to live for and to hold too, ay, even in Stoke Juliot here, where, else, souls get starved? Who else has—but never mind what more I've done: though it's been more than, for aught less, an honest man, not being a farmer, would do? Is it one of your own kin? No: it has been just Jordan Pengold, from whom you'd turn at the first sight of a red coat, and the first glimpse of a white hand. Have I been a fool? Then I'll be one no more. I'll get on somehow—never fear. . . . Mabel: don't think of lovers. It's a question of fathers now. . . . And that's more: and that's all. . . . Mabel: choose between that stranger there and me."

It was not the poor Parson's rough words, but the heart in every one of them, that went to her soul. Why had he never spoken to her like this before?

But Mr. Vernon again broke in. "Parson," said he, "it is hard upon you. I never thought how hard, till now. You make me almost wish—no: not that—but—I've been a poor sort of a father, I own, compared with you. Only—"

"Only what, man?"

"Only"—Old Pigtail gave the Parson a long look from eye to eye—"only that—I am Miles Heron."

Miles Heron—the widower of the poor drowned actress: the father who had courted Mabel for his daughter instead of claiming her offhand, so that he might rob the Parson by no

unfair means. Mabel needed not the remainder of Francis Carew's broken tale, nor the Parson's plea of guilty to his loving lie, in order to feel that her heart had told her true, and that, however he was named, this stranger was in fact the very father she had wished he could have been. A glance at the faces round her told her enough—the wits her father had quickened told her more.

"I knew it!" said she—the only soul there too glad to be amazed. "I wonder if you have wanted me as I have wanted you— Let us go: let me have done with all this horrid nonsense of loving and marrying: let me begin to be a woman instead of a fool!"

He answered with a smile. "Cannot one be both?" asked he. "And my turn must come to hear another 'Let me go.' . . . But meanwhile—"

"Never!" exclaimed she. Her father smiled again—both tenderly and sadly. But to Francis that woman's "Never" told how lost must have been love's labour, even if the secret of her life had not revealed itself without his scouring land and sea.

And to the poor Parson, what did it all mean? A lie told in vain.

If people only knew—how they would leave things alone! And so would Biddy, if she had known. But that stupid girl, of whom Tamzin had always in point of brains been worth ten, burst in at the door, and had whispered "Miss Mabel—Miss Mabel: 'tis the Captain," before she could add to her idiocy by crying out, "Oh Lord, Miss—I thought you was all alone—the apple-cart is turned over, now!"

Sir Miles Heron was master, nay Emperor of the situation. "All the better—he has come, then. A Captain, eh? None the worse for that—though there are Captains and Captains. Biddy, my girl, bring him in."

But the Captain was at Biddy's heels, sharing her belief—it need scarce be said—that Mabel was alone. And such silence had followed upon "I am Miles Heron" that there was no sound to deceive him.

So he entered boldly—Sir Miles advancing to meet his future son-in-law. The two men met face to face between the bowl of flowers and the door. For a full moment thus they stood. Then Captain Quickset, after one wild look round him, from Sir Miles to Mabel, from Mabel to the Parson, from the Parson to Francis, and back from Francis to Sir Miles, lost impudence for the first time since he had been born.

He just slunk away.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE RHYME IS FOUND.

It was perfectly true. Arthur Heron, as he had now an unquestionable right to be called, arrived at Port-au-Prince, in company with his physician; his friend, and his nurse, as sane as a man could be, though painfully weak and low. He had a lamentable amount of lee-way to make up in the conventionalities of life: but he was gentle, docile, and grateful as if he were still a child. And, for his general education, he had Madame Carrel to take him in hand: though it was after Francis that he fashioned himself in all hero-worshipping zeal. He no longer saw in a tree anything but a tree. He no longer made rhymes. He took to such civilised ways as were to be found in revolted Hispaniola as if he were trying to make up for wasted time. He dressed himself like a gentleman, and came out, in Madame's opinion, *bien mis, et très beau*. She, she maintained, had always been convinced that, despite all seeming to the contrary, he was of *vieille roche*, and a *grand Seigneur*. Nor—so sane did he become—did he take unkindly to the discovery that he was heir to a title and to one of the finest estates in Kent, not to speak of those Devon woods where the heir had lived as a wild savage, and been treated half as a myth, half as a criminal. After a season of even rough polishing, Francis, would not bring home to Mabel an elder brother who would disgrace her, nor—though he cared not a jot about the wellnigh non-existent Sir Miles, would the latter be unwilling to receive such a daughter, nor even such a son. No doubt he, Francis, would be sent about his business. Well—then he must submit, as became a man who had been labouring like Hercules for a prize so long as it was hopeless, only to find, when it was won, that he might have had for the asking a prize infinitely more high.

Then came the decree that banished from Hispaniola every white skin that had chanced to escape banishment from the world. The five from Les Bosquets continued in company, but with mingled feelings indeed. The Doctor and Madame were as Adam and Eve leaving Paradise—to face the world again, but with the blessing, which half did away with the curse, of being allowed to quit it hand in hand. Francis had more than fulfilled his task: but it was with a heavy as well as with a full heart that he set his face towards home. What Nance Derrick had in her heart was still for herself alone. Arthur Heron was going back to begin the life of a man—of a gentleman, indeed. How he would be received by a father of whom nothing was known beyond his existence and his name, might have been a serious question, had any cared to look for an answer. But nobody did care.

At least, none cared save he who remembered that father, dimly indeed, but not so dimly as of old. He would rather it had been his mother who was living—that mother to whose sorrows, whatever they were, he must have added so sorely. Francis had told him she had been lost at sea—no wonder he had had that unspeakable horror of the sea. It must have been in the spirit of prophecy: though now even that horror had passed away. He embarked as readily as any of them, and even found pleasure in the winds and waves. All himself seemed to have gone out of him: he had become nothing but an ignorant, but otherwise commonplace kind of young man. Nevertheless, all were of opinion that he had enormously improved—as, indeed, a vagabond poacher suddenly discovered to be an heir to a title and to great estates can scarcely fail to do, in the light of any sane and civilised mind.

Moreover, his health and strength, whether the credit be due to Dr. Carrel or to Dr. Ocean, or to both combined, rapidly returned. And by the time their vessel, after having safely passed all the perils of war and weather, reached the Thames, he was strong as well as sane. It is true that an eccentricity or two pronounced themselves soon after landing: but the others had far too much business on hand to take note of them. After all, Nature is not to be conquered in a day.

London! London after Stoke Juliot: after Hispaniola: after the sea! While the Doctor was looking up his English friends, and Madame her shops, and Francis for a lawyer, Nance, who could still remain under cover of her mistress (if so she could be called), had the poor young gentleman much upon her hands: and she it was who saw signs that made her unscientific heart suspect the fulness of the cure. For she watched him still—she could not cease to watch over the man she had nursed back to life out of vengeance, and whom she now knew that she had wronged. She knew well enough now why Providence had guided her straight to Les Bouquets: not to deliver her enemy into her hands, but to show to her that vengeance is blind, and sinful, and a fool. . . . I speak, because she thought, after the old fashion, by which men and women respected themselves as objects of special guidance and care.

It was as if Heaven had heard her witch's curse, not to punish it, but to jest at it: and that feeling turned remorse into humble shame. This man a villain, such as Captain Trestrail of the *Maiden*—once as gentle and timid as a squirrel—now as a lamb! What waste of passion it had all been—as much waste as that other dull pain that made her heart feel like lead within her. Well: if one rebellion had been wrong, so must be the other. She had a rebel put into her hand—the service of Madame. Meanwhile, she felt, only too surely, the need of serving the man she had gone forth to exact a debt of blood from, and to do by even as death had done by her and hers.

Arthur Heron saw men enough now, and to spare. His growing strength did not lessen his feeling of expectation of what was to follow: but it certainly diminished his impatience. He saw the interest Francis Carew was taking in his and his unknown sister's concerns, and listened to reports, and asked questions: but the answers dwelt less and less upon his mind. Francis perceived nothing, for there was nothing to perceive. He went, sight-seeing a little, with an aristocratic indifference that seemed to show blood to be stronger even than second nature. He spoke little, and never said anything worth saying, but never oddly; and he was equally content whether in company or alone. If any stranger had been told that this quiet, unassuming, ordinary young fellow had ever been a poacher, a jail bird, and a savage, he would have stared indeed. But what Nance, and Nance only, noticed was a sort of restlessness at odd times, and a look in the eyes, as strength came back, that reminded her of how he looked when she met him in the moonlight at Les Bouquets.

However, the day came at last when Francis, having learned at Turnbridge that Sir Miles Heron, the absentee, was on a visit to his estate in Devon, told his friend that proofs were plain enough, and that he was to meet his father and his sister at last, whatever the event was to be to them all. He received the news with a smile and a ready assent which made no impression on Francis, but which made Nance, though she wished never to set eyes on Stoke Juliot again (for passion slays its ape, sentiment), ask Madame for leave to revisit her old home. The journey to Barnstaple was uneventful. Francis treated Nance so much like a lady that he spoke to her no needless word the whole way down: but he spoke a good deal, when not immersed in his coming interview with his task-mistress, with Arthur Heron, and found his friend congenially silent company.

Arrived at Barnstaple, they had put up at the inn where one of the guests had once locked the law into the coffee-room. The inn was in new hands: Francis was forgotten, and his companions were as unknown there as if they were on a visit to Captain Quickset's friend King George. Arthur Heron made a hearty supper—it was notable, what an appetite the sea had given him and London had not taken away. He went to bed: and Francis was off to Stoke Juliot before he appeared.

But Francis had not gone off so early as sunrise. And it was with the first thought of the sun that Arthur Heron woke up from a dream. Cucumber Jack had seldom dreamed—Arthur Heron often, and wildly. Doctor Carrel would have told him that is the penalty for being sane—the fly-wheel that keeps us from acting dreams and nightmares awake and in broad day. It had been an especially wild sort of dream, in which he was again a child, with a weeping mother and a horrible home. He woke with a start and a shudder.

Yes—he was sane: and he was strong too. Not a vestige of weakness was left in brain or limb. He leaped from his feather-bed, threw open the window, and let the fresh air into the stuffy inn bed-chamber. There was the touch of early October in it: it stung the blood, and made it run gladly. He drank it down into the depths of his lungs, and thought—for he could think now. So in a few days, it might be this very day, he would be no longer Cucumber Jack of the woods, running about wild and in rags, and liable at any moment to be had up for a vagabond, poacher, and trespasser, and clapped in Barnstaple jail till his time came for death or hulks—no longer this, but the son of a great man, and a great man himself, rolling in wealth, and with nothing to do but enjoy himself all day long. No more crossing the sea unless he pleased: no more cold or hunger, rain or snow. He could become as learned as Dr. Carrel, if he pleased: and Francis Carew should have all the good that gold can buy—and what cannot it buy? He had no doubt that he would be welcomed by his father well enough; his friends, who were so much wiser in the world's ways, had taken that for granted: and so why should not he? Yes—all was henceforth to be clear and joyful waking from a long and troubled dream. Never need he wander in the woods again.

But oh, what a morning for the woods this would be—not the strange and bewildering forests of the west, with their vastness and their awe, but for the woods of home: and they within a run! He could picture them, as the sharp autumn air seemed to bring some of their freshness and fragrance to him over river and moor. They would now be in a bath of twilight and dew—they would be just thinking of waking: in another hour, the light would be fighting through the boughs and turning the long dew-drops on the bracken into emeralds and pearls. There would be a sweet grey mist, such as a heart might gladly break its fast upon; and the films of gossamer would soon be all in sheen. Moreover, it was the season of the year when oaks and beeches would have on their very best, bravest, brownest clothes, and when their fragrance would be keenest, and when Summer and Winter would be rivals who should glorify them the most before falling out and parting. He knew every tree. True, he had learned now that they were naught but trees, with nothing better than sap in them, with which sane blood can have no sympathy. But then, there are trees and trees. Yonder were the beautiful brown trees in all their morning glory, that had once been to him more than man and more than woman—angels and wonders who had filled the place of father, mother, brethren, sweet-heart, and friend.

Early as it was, and he had learned to use late hours, he dressed himself slowly; then more quickly: and the quicker because he somehow forgot to put on hat, coat, or shoes. Bareheaded, and dressed only in shirt and breeches, ragged and crumpled no more, he left his room, opened the door of the inn, where nobody was as yet astir, and came into the street, where the sparrows, just beginning to chirp and chatter, were the only living things to be seen. He had no sort of plan. What plan should a man, who was going to be rich and great, have save to gladly and gratefully accept his destiny? It did not even strike him that he was doing over again what he had done a hundred times when a child, bent upon running away from the sea and his mother's tears. A plan! Who could have a plan when the woods themselves did not think of anything so absurd?

Some fifteen miles or so lie between Barnstaple and his woods—no, his father's woods now. How strange it would be to feel himself master and owner of the creatures whom he had once thought high in place as they were high in stature, above the highest and greatest of men! That was a thought on which he did not care to dwell—it was as if one of the meek were suddenly called upon to inherit the earth as a mortal

Emperor. Some hour and a half after sunrise he had reached the high ground of Hornacombe, having skirted Stoke Juliot round. He ran down the side of thecombe, splashed into the brook, knelt down in it for a long draught of the brown water that intoxicated him beyond the power of wine, and struck up the opposite bank, keeping hard by the stream, so as to avoid the lower wood belonging to Francis Carew—they had never been his old haunt: Depe Wood, at the head of thecombe, out of sound of the sea, had been his home, and for that he made. He was now so hot with impatience for the best that nothing short of the best would content him: it must come upon him at a burst, in all its feelings, unmarred by being led up to. There must be no prelude. Depe Wood's first note must be a full chorus of "Welcome Home!"

He reached the spot where the oaks and the beeches, he knew, were only waiting his coming to begin.

But what was this met his eyes?

There was no Depe Wood to be seen.

There lay Base Wood, sure enough, below. But its once undecipherable boundary from its neighbour was now as sharply drawn as on a surveyor's map—Base or Hornacombe Woods were brown, but where Depe Wood had been the Combe side and crest were bare. Worse than bare—it was a vast, hideous patch of stumps and logs, the corpses left from a massacre of trees, and still bleeding where the murderous axe had freshly been. Only a single beech stood in the midst—a sylvan Niobe. The man stood still, sick and faint. He had come from where man murders man: that was, he had learned, according to nature: but that man should murder trees! And this he had lived to see—had come to see. The Revolution, indeed! He knew all about that now—but this—no thoughts could further come. It was a horror beyond the reach of fears.

His heart swelled to bursting. What had not this fallen woodland nest been to him—home and temple: all things: what were all gold and greatness beside a single twig that had fallen? And to be one of the creatures by whom such deeds are done. He entered the graveyard: nay, rather the battlefield, where right had been conquered by wrong. But he could no more touch a log of marked timber than he could have touched a human corpse—less, it may be. He made for the beech—the mother beech, as he had called her. But she was a mother no more: all her children were gone, save he. What must she be feeling? He knew why she stood so tearless and silent, because he understood her. Tears and sobs are for smaller things. He seated himself under her shadow. And then the vagabond's heart gave way under what was too bewilderingly forlorn for his brain to bear. He looked his last upon the dead hillside: thence to the open blue sky: and—Died.

Many things may happen while a single tree is changing her gown from russet to green.

Many things had therefore happened before a certain afternoon when Francis Carew of Hornacombe walked out and met a chaise from Barnstaple, loaded with baggage, beneath which sat that already eminent foreign *émigré* physician, Dr. Carrel and Madame. He welcomed them to Hornacombe, while they were still some miles off, as cordially as they had received him at Les Bouquets. But there was no room for him in the chaise, so he had to walk back again. So that he might not be condemned to solitude—as if his whole life were not solitude, though better borne because better used than of old—the Doctor's lady offered him the company of her maid. Nor was there anything out of the way in such a proffer, for the maid had become her own sister, and was an old friend of the Squire.

It was Nance Derrick's first visit to Stoke Juliot: for she had come no nearer than Barnstaple last time, and desired to come no nearer. However, to be with her mistress and sister was her only duty left, and she would have taken the pride of self-sacrifice in coming, with her, to places even fuller of sorrowful and dreadful memories, if such could be. But Francis had no longer occasion to wonder at the manner in which the peasant girl, who had known life and passion, and whose full and steadfast nature had been moulded by good hand besides, had grown into a lady, such as Phil Derrick's daughter was now. But the growth had not stopped—she had lost the soft rusticity, perhaps, that had struck Captain Quickset's critical eye, but Francis, though he felt that he had to look up to her, instead of down, would not have had her changed.

Much of what must be passing in her heart he had learned to guess: and it was no time as yet to speak of the past, or of the stone he had put up to her father. That she must find out for herself. The future was better ground.

"There is news—news in Stoke Juliot," said he, when, after what there was to say of her London life, they approached the head of thecombe, and saw the chaise, which had not much outstripped them, approaching gloomy Hornacombe. "Parson Pengold told it me with tears in his eyes. Sir Miles is coming to live at Stoke Juliot—for good and all."

"And—Miss Openshaw?" asked she.

"Miss Heron, you mean? Do you suppose the Parson shed tears of joy over Sir Miles? I'm glad of it, poor fellow. He'll come to life again, now that his daughter is coming—coming to stay, till—the time comes for a girl to go."

"Yes," said she. It was news: and news that could only have one end.

"Sir Miles has written to the Parson himself. He feels that the place where his wife is buried under the sands, and his son under the turf ought not to be left a den of savages—and he's right, Nance: and though I haven't buried much here—as yet—I feel that here my work lies, too. I can't have been put into Hornacombe for nothing, after all. . . . I'm going to make a clean shave of my timber, too, as Sir Miles did when he learned from that fellow, Bartlemy Davis, what things it was covering. Then we must conquer the smuggling—and the wrecking too, if we can. The Parson won't have it that it can be done: but Sir Miles says it ought to be, and I say it shall."

Nance sighed, not smiled approval. Mabel's father and old lover in close alliance in a good cause—it was clear enough what the end of that story would be. Well—she had her work too.

"There's only one thing I must set my face against, and there's only one other thing I must do," said he, as they reached where Depe Wood had once been. "Sir Miles wants to have that Davis down, because it was through him he learned what he sent that poor knave Quickset to discover. And that mustn't be. It won't do to have Kent meddling here. I'd sooner see Quickset himself—it's a queer thing, isn't it, to know a man for an imposter, a swindler, a liar, a thief, and a lawyer's spy into the bargain, and yet to have a liking for him all the same? I suppose one's feelings can't turn just as if they were the wind. You remember Quickset, don't you, Nance? But of course you do—I'll tell you all that story another time. He was a queer fish: after running away with my mare, and nearly running off with Miss Heron, I had a letter from him yesterday asking me to lend him twenty guineas, to be repaid punctually on Wednesday—'Cucumber Jack,' poor fellow: it should have been Cucumber Caleb: that fellow will marry money yet, mark my words: and till then, I'm afraid I'm booked for twenty guineas a year, so I must help him, eh? Poor Jack—this is where he

died. That beech will *not* come down. . . . And the thing to be done, Nance: I have a task still."

"For"—

"No. For you, this time. In Spain, or France, or wherever he be, Trestrail, of the *Maiden*, must—swing." "Mr. Carew! For God's sake, no!" cried Nance. "You know my story—and can you, you here, by this beech-tree, where died an innocent man I might have—Heaven knows what; can you, here, speak to me of Revenge? Oh, if you care for me at all, let it be. We can't undo the sin. But Hatred and Vengeance—I have learned now what blind things they are. Let me have my way this once—in this one thing. You cannot call poor Father from the grave. 'Vengeance is mine.' And it is man's too—to let it go."

He looked at her with some amaze. He could distinguish between punishment and revenge. But the amaze ceased as he looked into her eyes and began to read in them their meaning. For he did know a full half of her story: and—

"So be it," was all he could say. "And now—Nance, I have been vowing to say something to you before—before the Carrels leave Hornacombe again: and I've been making talk so that I could say it here, under this tree—the most solemn place in all the country round. I'm plain and rough, compared with you. But if you can take me for our work's sake—no; as if that was what I mean! Can you learn to care for me, Nance? For I've learned to love you, Nance, as a man can only love one woman, once, and with all his whole-heart and soul."

For a moment the world swam round her. Was this that her ears heard true? Her dream—her dream that began before her story, was it being fulfilled? *He below her*—the man she had made her hero, only once, it is true, but once for all!

Yes; it was true. "I loved you always," said he. "I did not know it: but God, He knows I know it now. Dearest Nance—say you will stay, and stay with me."

She raised her face to his, as his arm came round her—the woman, and the witch no more. And, in passing, her eyes caught

MABEL — FRANCIS

still clean and clear on the bark of the tree beneath whose branches Cucumber Jack had died.

He saw every glance her brown eyes gave.

"Dear," said he; "those were Ropes of Sand—these are Chains of Steel."

THE END.

CHRISTMAS IN CANADA.

This is Canada of the olden time, at an early period of colonial history, before cultivated farms, good roads, well-built villages and towns, railways and electric telegraphs, and all the appliances of modern civilisation, had made Canadian life as secure and as comfortable as life in any shire of England or Scotland is at the present day. The pioneers, French or British, of backwoods clearing and settlement on the shores of the St. Lawrence, or in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, had a rude task of it, and lived a hard, laborious life, not always free from peril at the hands of lurking Indian savages; while bears, wolves, and wild-cats, if they seldom attacked mankind, were troublesome neighbours to the family homestead in the depths of the forest. Our Artist has fancied, in those circumstances, a settler and his wife going to church on Christmas Day; the man attired in moccasins, breeches of deerskin, and fur cap, bearing a rifle on his shoulder, with the pair of snow-shoes required for traversing the lower paths, and with a formidable equipment of dirk and cartridge-belt. There were times and places at which a prudent Canadian, not a hundred years ago, would have thought such preparations needful in escorting his gentle partner, evidently a Scottish lassie, some miles from their sequestered habitation. Terrible stories are related of occasional atrocities not only in Canada, but in the New England, Western, and Southern States of America, previously to the consolidation of the ancient colonial communities, over vast territories now filled with a peaceful and prosperous agricultural population. The wars between the French and English, followed by the war of the American Revolution, let loose the wild ferocity of powerful Indian tribes, and it was long before the outlying settlements were in a condition of tolerable safety.

GRANDFATHER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

The old-fashioned sentiment and style of universal gallantry towards the female sex compelled the best-mannered gentlemen of the last century to treat even little girls with a certain deferential courtesy, which did not interfere with the authority due to elders, because it was compensated by the reverence that youth was then accustomed to pay to mature or advanced age. These pretty maidens of nine or ten years, who have been invited to dine with their grandfather, evidently a man of rank and dignity, on Christmas Day, are not much surprised, in their secret hearts, that he should openly propose to himself the toast of "The Ladies," before drinking his glass of claret. They know that it is the custom of gentlemen, and that the strict observance of all such rules, whether or not in the presence of a social company, has become a point of honour with grandfather, for they have heard it remarked upon by their parents and other friends, who all regard the worthy senior with high esteem and affection. It is not, however, too formal a banquet for the entertainment of childish guests. The dessert is partly set on the table, because they love fruit and sweets, as soon as the last course of game is removed; and here comes the negro servant, the black man Caesar, who has been his master's constant personal attendant these twenty years past, bringing in a small but sufficient and savoury Christmas-pudding. It is decorated with a sprig of holly, and lies in a pool of burning brandy, the flame of which is sure to be admired, with a certain feeling of awe, when the dish is placed on the table. We notice the fidelity with which the Artist has rendered many details of costume, the old gentleman's coat, wig, and ruffles, the snuff-box and the wax-candles in their tall silver candlesticks, in accordance with the fashions of that age. This scene almost recalls to our fancy the novels of Richardson and some of the anecdotes of Dr. Johnson; it makes a pleasant impression on the mind, and is an agreeable example of refined and gentle old English domestic life.

A new dock, which has been constructed at Boston, at a cost of £120,000, was opened last week.

Lord Normanton has again remitted 20 per cent of the rents of his tenants on the Postland estate for the past half-year.

Mr. C. E. Spagnoletti, of the Great Western Railway, has been elected president of the Society of Telegraph Engineers and Electricians for the ensuing year.

Mr. Alexander Carmichael Bruce, barrister-at-law, has been appointed an Assistant Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, in place of Lieut.-Colonel Douglas William Parish Labalmondière, C.B., resigned.



CHRISTMAS IN CANADA: GOING TO CHURCH.
DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.



GRANDFATHER'S CHRISTMAS DINNER: "THE LADIES!"
DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

SECOND NOTICE.

In the first room, besides the pictures to which attention has already been called, are to be found several works of more than usual merit. Mr. Stuart Lloyd's "Valley by the Sea" (53) has a foreground painted with as much care as Mr. Birket Foster would bestow upon so congenial a scene. The grassy upland, with its sheep hugging the shadows of the tall trees, and the blue sea beyond glittering in the sun, is a charming bit of English south-coast scenery. It is difficult to classify the somewhat ambitious work to which Mr. Henry Stock has appended the text "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep" (46)—a ruddy-faced boy on a blue bolster, watched over by an angular angel. Imaginative work of this character, as well as the other picture by the same artist, "Two Lovers Meeting After Death" (139), need a keener sense of the humorous than Mr. Stock seems to possess, to ward off hostile criticism. In the latter, he has caught something of the late Mr. Poole's colour and method; but in neither has he succeeded in inspiring the spectator with the feelings by which he himself is moved. A far more touching work, but less ideal, is Mr. L. Calkin's "Inseparables" (128), a child fast asleep, with her faithful dog nestling beside her. There is very great delicacy of colour, as well as fineness of drawing, shown in this promising work. Mr. Walter Langley sends one of the most successful pictures of the exhibition, "Cork-cutting" (138), an old man, in a dark-blue dress, seated by a small window, through which the light falls aslant his work. The figure of the man, the action he throws into his work, and the rich colouring, are alike commendable. Mr. E. Stott's "Amateurs" (73) represents a boy and girl, who look like real peasant children, seated on a fragile wooden rail, along which they must have crept at the risk of many a fall. Both are eagerly watching the float of their line, which has been thrown well among the weeds in a most likely spot. Behind them, and rising above their heads, are high and flowering rushes, and beneath them the almost stagnant water of the favourite pool. Mr. R. Hillingford's "Charles XII. after the Defeat of Pultawa" (29) is one of those numerous anecdotal works which now are accepted as historical pictures. The defeated monarch is seated in front of the fire gazing vacantly at the dying embers; behind him are some attendants imposing silence on the owner of the cottage, where the fugitive has taken refuge. There is plenty of good work in the composition, but it recalls somewhat too definitely Mr. Marcus Stone's "Napoleon after Waterloo," exhibited at least twenty years ago. Mr. Arthur Severn sends two very charming sea-pieces, "A Fresh Breeze off the Island of Runn" (80) and "A Gleam of Sunlight after Rain" (145), in both of which he vindicates his claim to be ranked among the few careful students of nature and the still fewer faithful translators of her capricious beauties. Mr. Edwin Hayes' "Smack Running for Scarborough" (154) is full of life and strength, but his art is the very opposite pole to Mr. Severn's, who, in Mr. A. Burke's "Lonely Shore" (230), finds a sympathetic echo of his own imaginative work. Mr. Burke, in this as in his two other pictures, "The Little Haymakers" (36) and "Grey Weather" (250), shows a delicate sense of that scenery "beside the melancholy ocean" which is supposed to exert so strange an influence (*teste* Lord Beaconsfield) on our Irish fellow-subjects. Mr. Alfred Parsons' little upright study, "Noon" (185), an apple-tree in blossom, should on no account be passed by without notice, for it is one of the gems in the room; and Mr. Fahey's "Burning Couch Grass" (30) and "On the Avon" (126), Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Fisher Boys" (172), Mr. MacWhirter's "St. Kilda" (222), Mr. Napier Hemy's "Hauling Crab-Pots" (256), and Mr. Pettie's masterly portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis Jones (251), all deserve attention.

In the second room, Mr. R. W. Macbeth's "Market Flower-Stall" (276) is a strong-limbed country girl, full of life, behind a huge basket of flowers; a most effective and masterful work, but not equal to his "Study" (559), a tangled mass of flowering grasses. Mr. J. Scott's "The Fairy's Messengers" (306) is one of the pleasantest bits of fancy in the exhibition; four hares on their hind legs receiving orders from the Fairy Queen, who is lying upon her bed of moss and flowers—a charming conception. Mr. R. Caldecott, for the nonce, has left the nursery, and sends a very highly-finished though small picture, "A King's Dragoon" (338), in the uniform of the last century, is about to mount his horse at the garden-gate. He has just parted from the young girl who, with her parents, is reluctantly returning to the house and is looking back to catch a last look of her lover. Mr. Alfred Parson's "Weeds" (326) is a group of women wearily weeding, treated with his accustomed tenderness and skill. Miss E. A. Armstrong's "Fortune Teller" (336), a gipsy-girl, in light-blue and spangles, seated on the ground behind a number of cards, from which a raven is sapiently selecting the card of destiny for the inquirer. Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Mid-day at Dinan" (326), Mr. T. Collier's "Goose Common" (339), are good specimens of realistic work; but they fall far short in both conception and execution of Mr. Frank Topham's "Albury Heath" (385), with its rich masses of brown foliage and shadow, painted with force and infused with fresh air. Mr. C. W. Wyllie's "A Backwater at Brentford" (405), and Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Tide Time" (574), may with advantage be

compared, as showing the treatment of very similar subjects by two talented members of the same family. Both have a fondness for accentuated effects of light and shade, and both show a keen appreciation of river life and work. Mr. Hugh Carter sends "A Welsh Interior" (424), which shows him an adept pupil of Mr. Erskine Nicol and Mr. Faed; and Mr. John Burr tells "The Old Story" (432), a fisher boy and girl seated on a bank beside the sea, in a plain and simple way which cannot fail to please. Amongst the pictures of children, Mr. A. Hacker's "Needle and Thread" (435), and Mr. A. Stock's "Little Kitty" (396) and "Spring Time" (488), deserve especial notice. "Anticipation" (460) is a striking bit of painting and colour, representing two cats prowling round a huge brass milk-can. Of Eastern subjects there is, as usual, a goodly assortment. Amongst them Mr. Solomon Solomon's "Moor's Shop" (470) marks the rapid progress made by this young artist; and Mr. T. R. Macquoid's "Bit from Spain" (543), Mr. Bridgman's "Off for a Ride" (544), and Mr. John Varley's "Mansoor Bazaar" (546), are excellent specimens of their respective styles; as is also Mr. Waterhouse's "By-way of Ancient Rome" (578), which is something better than a mere archaeological study. The principal picture, as far as size goes, is Mr. Seymour Lucas' "Eloped" (517): a cavalier in gay dress standing with his back to the fire in a village inn, and impatiently urging the landlord to hasten his movements. A young girl, in pink satin and black hood, is seated warming herself after the cold ride, and attracting the comment of the villagers drinking at an adjoining table. There is plenty of life in the scene, and the story is well, though perhaps somewhat coarsely, told. Of the other works in this room which will attract notice may be mentioned "A Jersey Trio" (523), by Mr. E. Douglas; "An Old Gravel Pit" (498), by Mr. T. Collier; "Trying it On" (487), by Mr. Yeend King; "Afternoon" (465), by Mr. Mark Fisher; and "At the Pier Head" (480), by Mr. Henry Moore.

In the third room or East Gallery Miss Noyes' "Christine" (693), a young girl dressed in white, although hung very high, will attract most people. It is obviously the work of a recruit, but few works give greater promise, while those of many veterans fall far short of it in freshness and vigour. In Mr. Melton Fisher's "La Rossa" (104), the figure is draped in blue, holding a pink fan; but, as in the case of "Salome," by the same artist, the yellow curtain background is retained. Another good figure-picture is Mr. Haynes Williams's "Signal" (706), a girl with black mantilla over a pink dress, holding three roses to her breast. Mr. Edwin Ward's "Dorothy" (837), is also a good child portrait. Foremost amongst the landscapes in this room must be placed Mr. Fred Goodall's "Borders of the Desert" (828), a troop of Bedouins with their flocks approaching an oasis. It is painted with Mr. Goodall's usual distinctness and precision. Many will prefer Mr. Frank Walton's "O'er the Moor Among the Heather" (620), where imagination is allowed fuller play. Mr. J. Mogford's "Break in the Sky" (697) is a sea-piece which offers more human interest than Mr. Moore's transcendental "Midsummer at Sea" (681), a marriage of the sky and sea in the fullest sense of the term. Animal-painters are too rare with us just now to allow Mr. Heywood Hardy's forcible study of a "Lion's Head" (641) to be passed by without remark; whilst two humorous works—and humour is rare in art nowadays—must also be mentioned. Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Quaint Conceit" is a brave soldier of fortune in a buff jerkin, seated astride a plank, "fixing" his moustache; and Mr. Dendy Sadler's "De Gustibus non Disputandum" (698), two monks in a refectory, might be taken as a moral illustration of the respective results of total abstinence and moderate drinking. Mr. Waterlow's "Cornish Fishwife" (628), Mr. Gore's "Waiting" (630), Mr. T. B. Forster's "Scene near Caudebec" (683), and Mr. Hacker's "Wonder Story" (756), are excellent works in their various styles; whilst Mr. Vernon's "Parted" (823) suggests the reflection that some law of copyright should exist in art as in literature—for it is an absolute plagiarism of Mr. Marcus Stone in conception and treatment. Here we must break off, not without regret at leaving so many promising works by young artists unnoticed. The Institute is doing good work in bringing forward many who otherwise would fail to make their merits known to the public.

The Earl of Aberdeen has presented £350 to those of his tenants who sustained loss in the recent hailstorm, and has deferred the payment of their rent till February.

Mr. J. P. Smyth, M.P., has accepted the position of Secretary to the Irish Loan Fund Board. This creates a vacancy in the representation of county Tipperary.

Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart., Whitburn Hall, Sunderland, has been appointed Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons of Durham, in succession to the late Marquis of Londonderry.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge will publish, as a Christmas book, the completed volume of Mr. Francis George Heath's "Fern Portfolio," which will include upwards of sixty figures, coloured from nature, and comprising all the species of ferns found in the British Islands.

Mr. Edward Hilgrove Turner, barrister, has been appointed her Majesty's Solicitor-General for Jersey, replacing Mr. William Venables Vernon, who has been promoted to the Attorney-Generalship, vice Mr. George Clement Bertram, promoted to the office of Bailiff.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

SECOND NOTICE.

The Religious Tract Society publishes a Sunday book for the little ones, by Hesba Stretton, entitled *The Sweet Story of O. d.*, in which the New Testament narrative is re-told with a directness and simplicity, and with a continual remembrance of the limitations of the child's mind in experience and information, very much to be commended. It is furnished with twelve coloured illustrations by R. W. Maddox. The Society has provided also for week-day evening entertainment, in *Story-Land*, by Sydney Grey, with thirty-two pictures drawn by Mr. R. Barnes and printed in colours by Mr. Edmund Evans. Sydney Grey is a pleasing story-teller, and these tales of "The Young Artist," "Queen Bluebell," "The Wayward Chicken," "The Best of Masters," "A Puzzle for Maud," and "Goosey's Gift," are both attractive and wholesome.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, prince of American story-tellers, wrote a *Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys*, consisting of six fine old legends, of classical origin, or of still remoter antiquity, which he interused with Gothic or German sentiment, and made them attractive to modern youthful minds. "The Gorgon's Head," "The Three Golden Apples," "The Chimæra," King Midas with his "Golden Touch," the hospitable couple, Philemon and Baucis, with their pitcher miraculously inexhaustible for the refreshment of the stranger guests, and the perplexity of Pandora and Epimæus, with the mysterious box, introduced into the "Paradise of Children," are good strong fables, not yet worn out by two or three thousand years' popularity among different nations. Hawthorne sets each of them betwixt a prefatory conversation and subsequent talk over the story, among the happy social party at Tanglewood House or Shadow Brook, where the young audience have freedom to comment. The woodcuts, designed by F. S. Church, are not deficient in vigour of expression. The publisher is Mr. J. C. Nimmo, of King William-street.

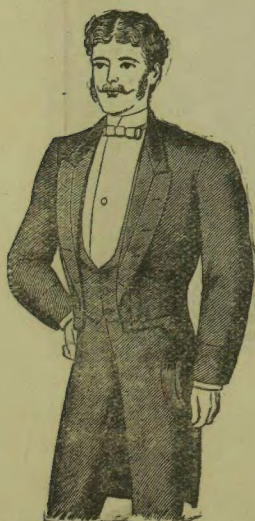
Stuff and Nonsense (same publisher) is mainly pictorial, the clever production of Mr. A. B. Frost, illustrator of Lewis Carroll's "Rhyme and Reason." There is rhyme in this, but more fun than reason, though common-sense and prudence, in the ordinary ways of life, are the obvious moral of the droll adventures. The familiar pattern of five-line "nonsense-verse," of which Mr. Edwin Lear made great use, is frequently employed. But the pictures, which have as much force of humorous expression as any of their kind lately done, are the real making of the book.

Other well-known publishers of decorated juvenile literature have catered, but more sparingly than usual, for this year's Christmas market—Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. produce a versified version of Hans Andersen's "Ugly Duckling," under the title, *Quacks*; the writer, Marion Wingrave (Mrs. or Miss, with our best compliments) has furnished the illustrations to her own verse, and these are nicely printed in colours. *Happy Child-Life, at Home and at School*, written likewise in verse by Henry Frith, is illustrated by a German artist, Eugene Klimsch, and is an edifying record of "a good boy's day, with its work and play." Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. frankly present a picture-book altogether of *Play*, for very little boys, girls, and babies; the verses by a Master of Arts, Mr. Samuel Cowan, the drawings, which are bold and striking, by Edith Scannell. The same publishers reproduce the unforgettable nursery rhymes above-mentioned, calling them *Nursery Numbers*, with good strong pictures of the subjects. Messrs. Wells, Gardner, Darton, and Co. publish a mixture of short prose stories with original verses, suitable to be read aloud to young children, entitled *Under Mother's Wing*, with agreeable coloured illustrations. Messrs. G. Routledge and Sons have issued Mrs. Sale Barker's *Golden Hours*, with pictures coloured and plain, by M. E. Edwards; Messrs. Dean and Son, *All in the Sun*, by Mrs. Christophine Goddard; *Good Day*, with pictures by G. Penderson and others; and *Cherry Pie*, with pictures by W. Claudius; Messrs. T. De La Rue and Co., *King Fo, the Lord of Misrule*, by Robert Dudley, and Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*; Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, the *Little Darling's Alphabet*, with pictures; and Messrs. Cassell and Co. (Limited) four little bits of books called *Baby's Album*, *Fairy's*, *Dolly's*, and *Pussy's Album*, which Baby must think very funny.

The fourth annual *Truth* exhibition of home-made and other toys, for distribution among the various London hospitals and workhouses, was open last Friday and Saturday at Limmer's Hotel, Conduit-street, Regent-street. According to this year's returns from the various institutions, there are 2649 children in the hospitals, 2006 in the workhouses, 1046 in the workhouse infirmaries, and 5474 in the workhouse schools, amounting in all to 11,175. Each of these children received a separate toy for its own amusement, and two or three large ones were presented to each institution for the general use of the inmates. In addition to the money subscribed, several of the readers of *Truth* contributed large parcels of toys and useful presents. The same generous donor who last year gave 5000 sixpences for distribution has this year presented 8000, which he wished to be given to the workhouse children; and a lady residing abroad, who also wishes her name withheld, has, at a cost of £100, sent fifteen large musical boxes for permanent use in the men's and women's wards in fifteen of the principal workhouses.

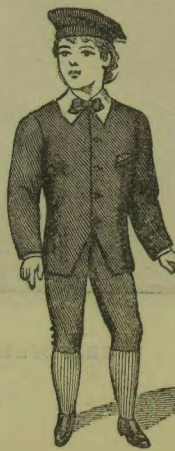
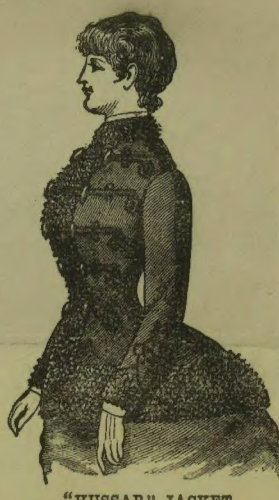
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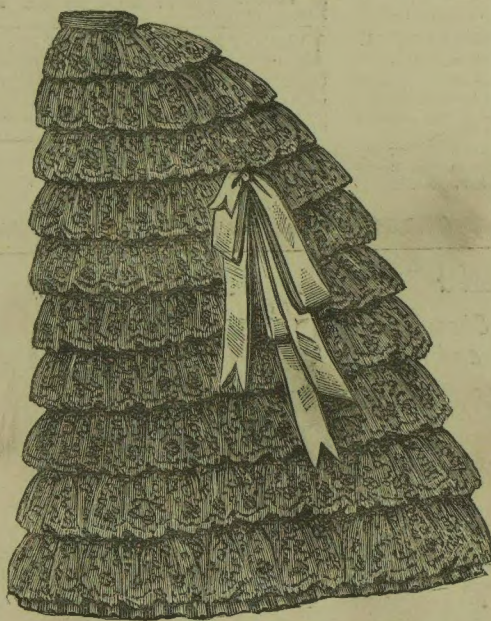
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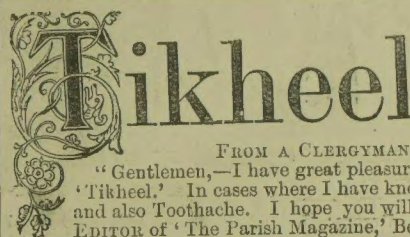
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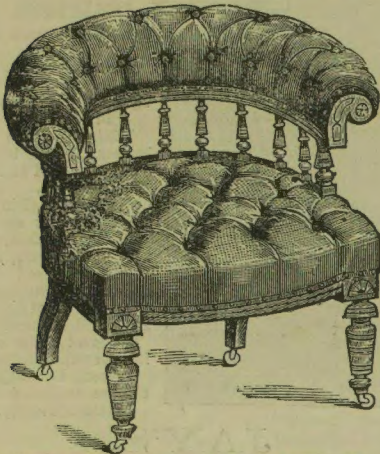
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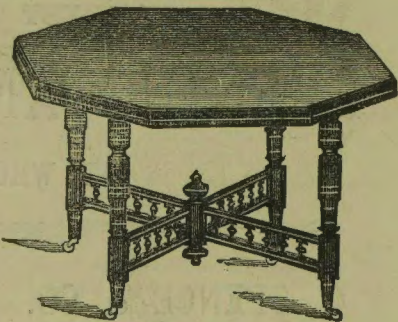
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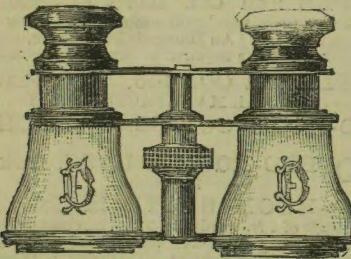
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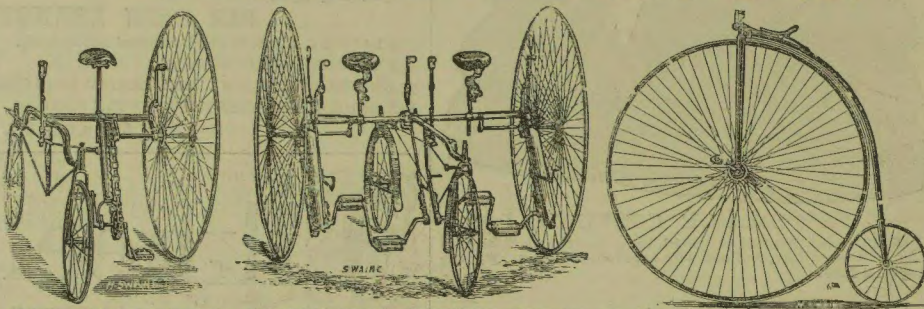
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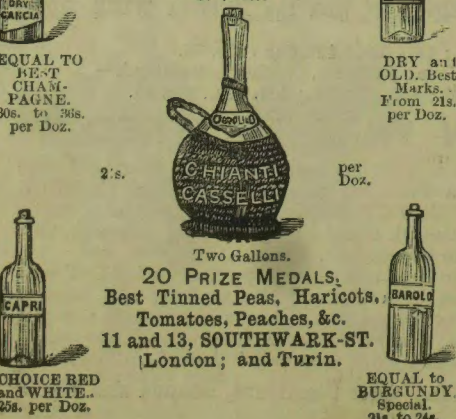
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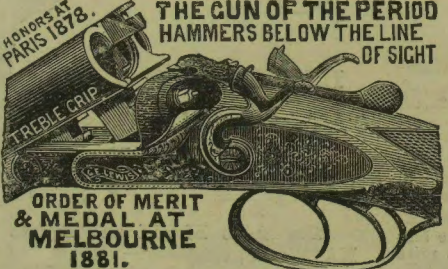
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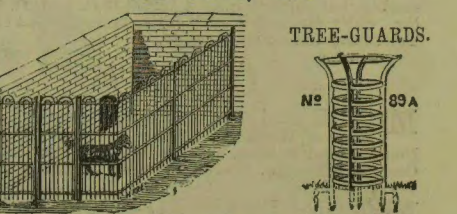
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